



No. 283.—Vol. XXII.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29, 1898.

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MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT.

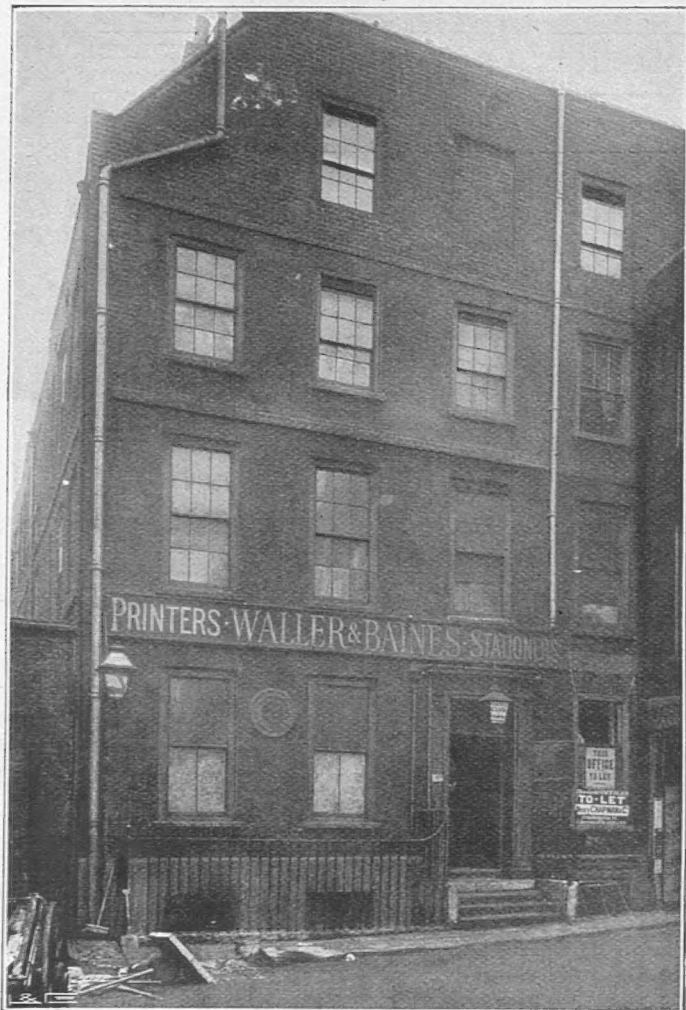
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.



## WE CANNOT HAVE "TOO MUCH JOHNSON"!

THE DOCTOR LOVED LONDON, AND THOUGHT THAT THE FULL TIDE OF HUMAN EXISTENCE FLOWED AT CHARING CROSS.

Mr. Gillette's play disappeared from the Garrick last night in favour of Bret Harte. And yet we cannot have possibly too much Johnson. The Doctor is immortal, the Doctor is sane, the Doctor loved London, and will last as long as the capital itself. Thus, Fleet Street was his best-beloved,



WHERE DR. JOHNSON LIVED: 17, GOUGH SQUARE.  
Photo by Bolas, Oxford Street, W.

and yet he included the green fields that the villa-builder has transformed into Greater London. For instance, he wrote one of his poems at Bay Tree Lodge, Frognal Lane, Hampstead, which is still the home of letters in the person of Dr. Robertson Nicoll. Curiously enough, both doctors touch *The Sketch* very nearly. The doctor of to-day is one of its oldest contributors, while the parish church of *The Sketch* was also Johnson's; and the editor of this journal is a member of the Johnson Club, which made a voyage of discovery yesterday to Hampstead, visiting the greatest Johnsonian living, Dr. Birkbeck Hill, and dining at The Spaniards. Thus is it that *The Sketch* has many associations with Johnson.

"Why, sir," said the Doctor, "you find no man at all intellectual who is willing to leave London. No, sir, when a man is tired of London he is tired of life: for there is in London all that life can afford." Of that Johnsonian London, time, fire, and the "fury of innovation" have spared us little, and it is not easy to identify some Johnsonian localities. Where was his first lodging, that in Exeter Street? What has been the fate of his first tavern "just by," that Pine-Apple where he dined very well and in good company for eight-pence? In what house in Castle Street did he write his "London"? Where was his "burrow" between that early time when he lived at Greenwich, in a house unknown, and ten years later at Hampstead (1748)? Gone, too, are those chambers in the Temple where Boswell first visited him, and where he received Madame de Boufflers and politely led her to her carriage. Of the three houses where he lived longest, Gough Square, Johnson's Court, and Bolt Court, one only remains. He who would now seek the house in Johnson's Court (named before Johnson, not after him), where he lived for eleven years (1765-76), and where Shakspeare was edited, will find it "absorbed" in Anderton's Hotel. The literary pilgrim must also mourn the loss of the Bolt Court house, for Johnson lived there for the last eight years of his life (1776-84), and he died there.

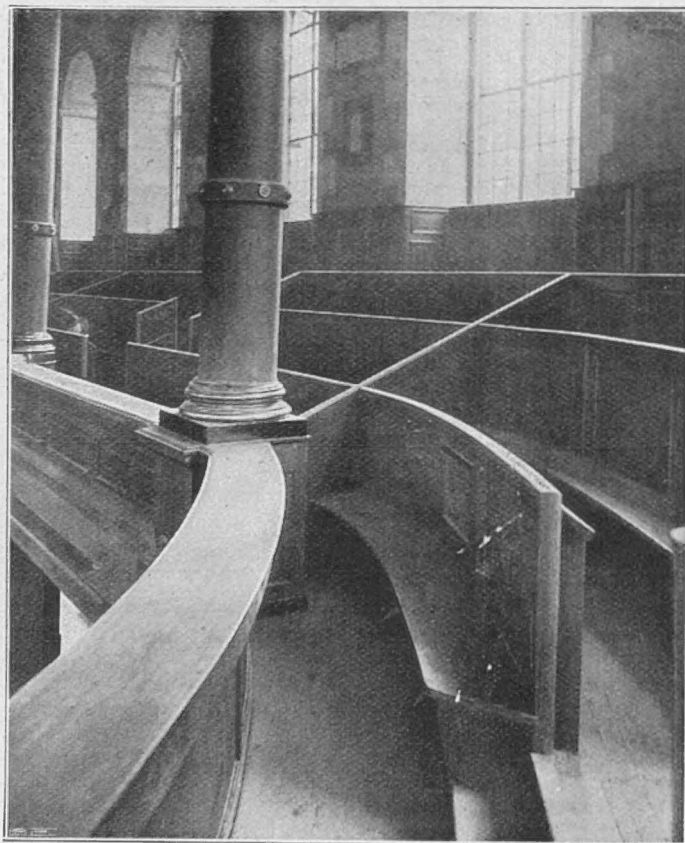
The Gough Square house remains. It has special and interesting associations with Johnson. He lived there from 1748 to 1758, and his wife "Tetty" died there. These ten years mark the zenith of his work and the nadir of his fortunes. There, in eternal want of pence, he wrote most of the Dictionary published in 1755, started the *Rambler*, probably began

"Rasselas," and perhaps was never so industrious again. An upper room was occupied by the copyists for the Dictionary, a garret served for Johnson's study, and, besides some dusty books and a deal writing-desk, contained one chair and a-half. The chair was for his friends, and Dr. Burney and Sir Joshua Reynolds used it on their calls, while Johnson, drawing the half-chair up to the wall, balanced himself upon it "with considerable dexterity and evident practice." Below lived Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Williams and Dr. Levett, all supported on such means as Johnson could afford. These were so limited that in 1756 Johnson was arrested for a debt of £5 18s., which Samuel Richardson paid, and finally, in 1758, Johnson, in poverty, was fairly driven out of Gough Square into obscure lodgings, while Mrs. Williams had to shift for herself.

The places where Johnson "frisked it," Vauxhall, Ranelagh, the Pantheon; the taverns where his clubs met, the King's Head, the Turk's Head, and the Essex Head, and the Devil and the Mitre—are all blotted out. Of the greater public buildings of London especially associated with Johnson's life, one is still standing. That one is the church of St. Clement Danes. This is a church with a history, and a foundation truly English, for it is lost in the traditions of Danish invasions and the power of King Alfred, who compelled the Danes to settle here. Few who look on the tower of this church suspect that it hides an older mediæval tower. Yet so it is, for the old church-tower is there, encased when the church was rebuilt. This was in the days of Charles II., and when he drew near to that last scene at Whitehall which Evelyn has painted for posterity. If that old tower could force off the modern casing, it might tell of nights that it had seen, for the best Shaksperian commentators on the immortal passage in "Henry IV." agree that it was the chimes of the old St. Clement Danes that Falstaff and Justice Shallow heard at midnight—"No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that."

Here, then, stands Johnson's church, "Sir Christopher Wren (says the marble tablet), his Majesty's surveyor, freely and generously bestowing his great care and skill towards the contriving and building of it." The church was altered again slightly before Johnson's day, and it has been much altered since. In 1724 there was a great scandal, for the supporters of George I. discovered in a new altar-piece portraits of the exiled Stuarts, and the Bishop of London ordered the picture to be removed to the vestry-hall in Clare Market. Again, in this century, a "beautiful semicircular portico," which stood on the south side, and many adjacent buildings, were removed for Strand improvements.

As Johnson walked to that church he must have heard the famous chimes from the more modern peal of ten bells cast in 1693. At



DR. JOHNSON'S PEW.  
Photo by Bolas, Oxford Street, W.

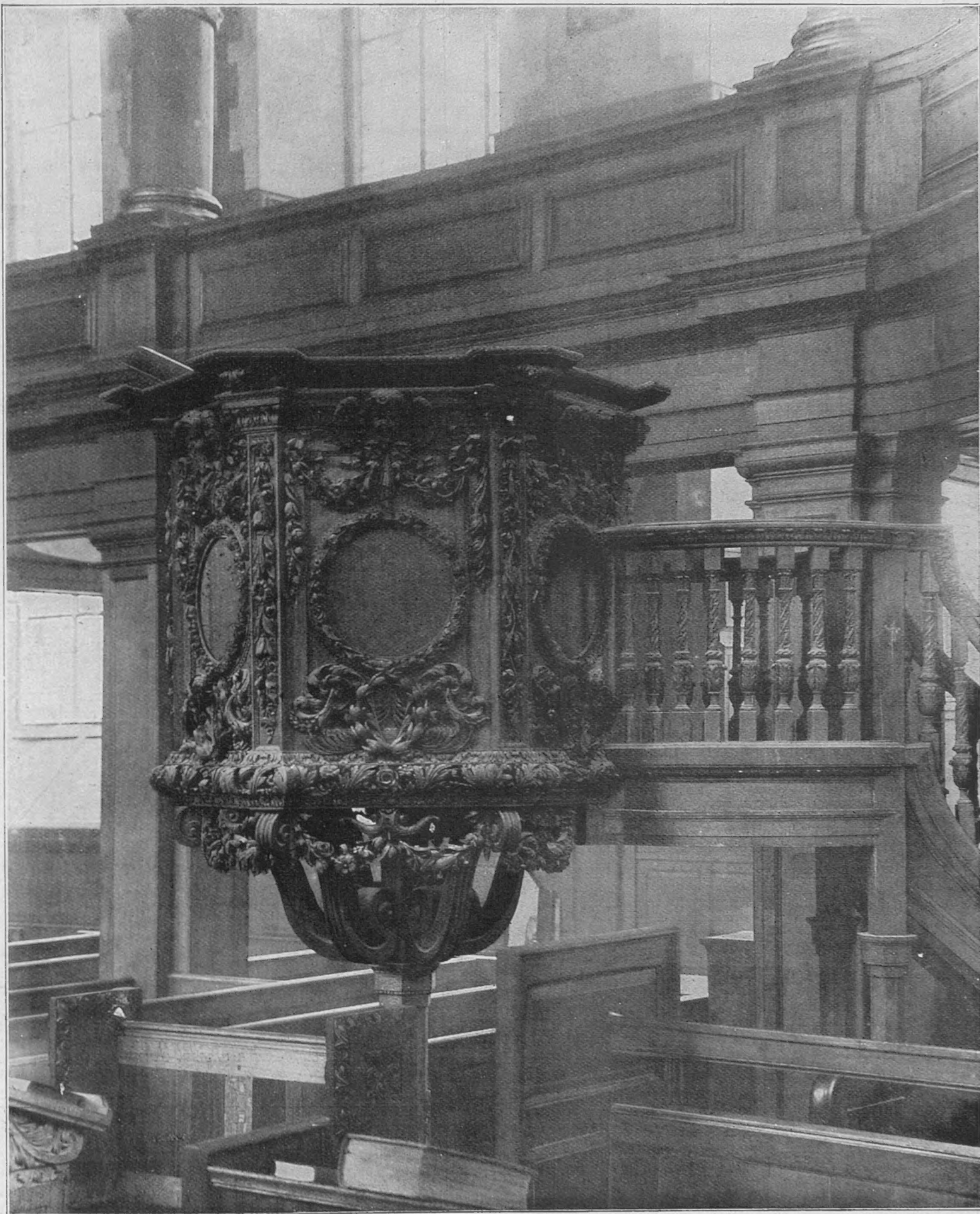
Temple Bar were the old gates and the decaying heads of traitors above; next came the stocks and a mutilated stone cross. Hard by the church were about six almshouses, and around it, in narrow streets to the north and almost touching the church, were the old, low, and tottering



wooden buildings of Butcher's Row, and other purlieus of the Strand, where Savage, Derrick, or Floyd, the companions of Johnson's youth, were glad to sleep upon a "bulk."

The position of the church, "whose straiten'd bounds encroach upon the Strand," had been a source of complaint by Gay, what time Johnson was still a Lichfield schoolboy, and in his later years it was also a cause

he "sat under" Dr. Burrows, the Rector there for several years, and many of Johnson's visits, especially those on Good Fridays in the last eleven years of his life, are set down in "Boswell." Johnson, as a good Churchman, fasted on Good Fridays, and he even made Boswell fast. "On this whole day [Good Friday, 1773] I took nothing of nourishment but one cup of tea without milk, but the fast was very



THE PULPIT IN ST. CLEMENT DANES.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BOLAS, OXFORD STREET, W.

of complaint. Dodsley's "London and its Environs" (1761) complains of the builders "who crowded the backside of the church into the face of the people." Yet the church still stands.

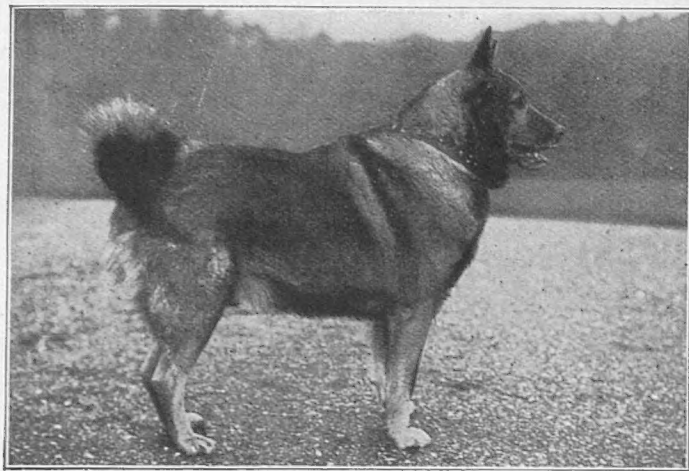
St. Clement's has suffered a little from modern internal improvements, but yet contains the fine old pulpit of Johnson's day, and a real Johnsonian pew, with an inscription which tells how there "for many years attended divine service the celebrated Samuel Johnson, the philosopher, the poet, the great lexicographer, the profound moralist, and chief writer of his time." When Johnson first went to this church is unknown. But

inconvenient. Towards night I grew fretful and impatient." Boswell also had to fast, but he was allowed a "cross bun." Johnson went to St. Clement's on April 21, 1784. He had been very ill, and unable to keep his usual Easter. As he records, "After a confinement of 120 days, more than the third part of a year, and no inconsiderable part of human life, I this day returned thanks to God in St. Clement's Church for my recovery."

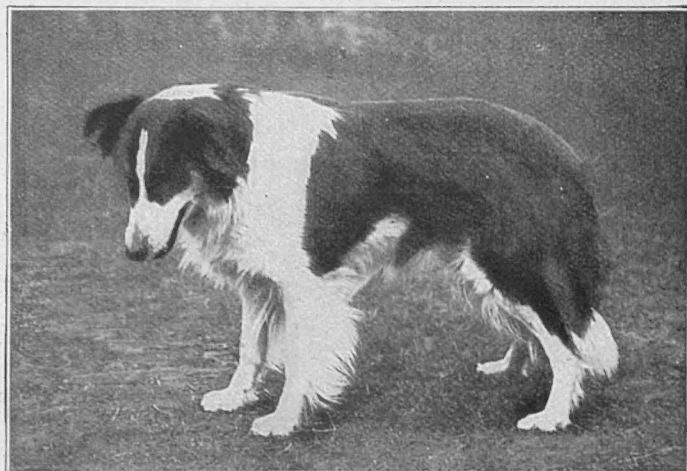
Soon came the real last journey, that of Dec. 20, 1784, to Westminster Abbey, where Johnson was carried to his burial. The church and the memorial brass remain, but Johnson left a "chasm" which no one shall fill.



## SOME PRIZE-WINNERS AT THE LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION.



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MRS. PANMURE GORDON'S COLLIE, OLD HALL QUEEN.



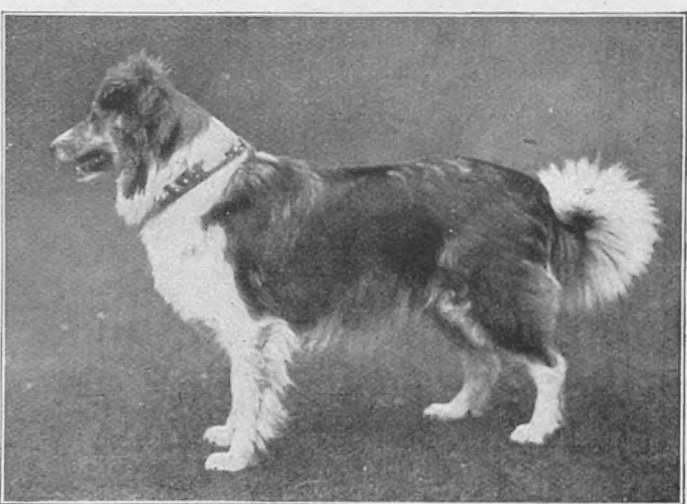
HON. MRS. McLAREN MORRISON'S JAPANESE SPANIEL.



HON. MRS. McLAREN MORRISON'S PEKINESE SPANIEL, CHUSAN.



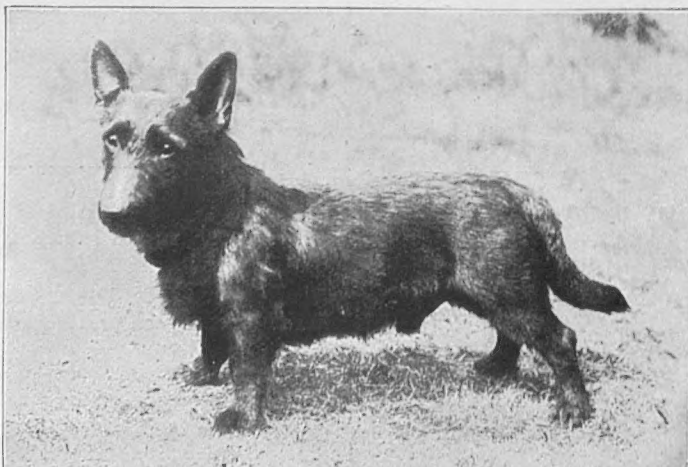
LADY GRANVILLE GORDON'S CHOW-CHOW, PREMIER BLUE BLOOD.



LADY CATHCART'S COLLIE, CLUNY FLORA.



MRS. DOWNES' GREYHOUND, FLYING SCUD.



MRS. PANMURE GORDON'S SCOTCH TERRIER, HYNDMAN CHIEF.





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FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



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## SMALL TALK.

Lord Charles Beresford's annual jaunt, piloting a number of members of the House of Commons round Portsmouth Dockyard, was interesting and instructive. Crossing from Portsmouth to Ryde or to Cowes, one usually gets a glimpse of several men-of-war at anchor, guardships, perhaps, or ironclads preparing for sea; but in the Dockyard itself you see something of the force in reserve, England's second line, as it were, vessels hardly modern but not obsolete.

There is a variety of vessels—building, fitting, or repairing. In this dry dock you see one of those dreaded torpedo-boat destroyers, in that is the great cruiser *Terrible*, with her sister the *Powerful*, now on the China Station, among the most powerful cruisers afloat. They are not, however, altogether satisfactory—too greedy in the consumption of coal, it is said, using at full speed far more than was expected by their designer. Nothing could be more instructive than a visit to the Torpedo School, which has its headquarters on H.M.S. *Vernon*. A mine is fired by electricity for your edification, and the great column of water thrown up shows you the force and destructiveness of gun-cotton. A Whitehead torpedo is launched, not to go on an erratic course, but guided on its



BLUEJACKETS AS SHARPSHOOTERS AT WHALE ISLAND.

grim errand. An interesting sight is the method of opening a way through an enemy's mine-field. This is done by countermining. A barge-load of mines is towed through the field and a mine dropped at regular intervals. When the whole field is covered, all these mines are fired by electricity, exploding those of the enemy that may be within ninety feet of them. At Whale Island one saw the bluejackets at their gun and cutlass drill, saw them handle their machine-guns with wonderful alacrity. The boys of the *Excellent* went through their dumb-bell drill, singing refrains the while, and then the handling of the heavy guns was explained.

It is a capital idea this of Lord Charles Beresford's taking the members to see how the money they vote is spent. If he will pardon my making him a suggestion, he will, should he repeat the most enjoyable excursion, organise his party into sections, each under the guidance of one of the smart naval officers.

The return of Mr. Evelyn Cecil to Parliament is an interesting event. Lord Salisbury has already two sons and two nephews in the House of Commons. Mr. Evelyn Cecil will make a third nephew. His return has given special satisfaction to the High Church party, with which he is closely associated, and, no doubt, his presence will add point to some of Sir William Harcourt's remarks on the Benefices Bill. As a Cecil, however, he will be watched with interest by the whole House. Political ability is looked for in any member of that family which has had so splendid a history in connection with English government. Mr. Evelyn's father, Lord Eustace Cecil, sat for a long time in the House and occupied a subordinate post under Mr. Disraeli, but he lacked the Marquis of Salisbury's ability and piquancy in debate. His manner was very sombre.

Mr. Evelyn Cecil will, no doubt, sit near his cousins, Lord Cranborne and Lord Hugh Cecil, below

the Ministerial gangway. His other cousins, Mr. Arthur and Mr. Gerald Balfour, are, of course, on the Treasury Bench. Neither of Lord Salisbury's own sons has been directly connected with the Government. Both, however, possess considerable ability, and Lord Hugh Cecil, whose



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S CARRIAGE.

Photo by Fred Spalding, Chelmsford.

appearance resembles what his father's was about thirty years ago, inherits some of the Marquis's gifts as a debater. The Cecils are by no means docile and dumb followers of the Ministers. Both show independence, particularly in matters affecting the Church and the clergy. Lord Cranborne has a sharp tongue, and has not hesitated to give his friends on the Treasury Bench a touch of it. More than once the noble Lord and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach have exchanged some thrusts, and in a recent education debate, when confronted with a declaration by Sir John Gorst, the Prime Minister's heir amused the House by pointedly exclaiming, "I am not responsible for what the Vice-President of the Council says." Between Sir John Gorst and Lord Cranborne there can, indeed, be little love. The House would like to hear the noble Lord's opinion of the Colonial Secretary, and may some day be gratified. Perhaps the opinion will be entirely flattering!

This carriage was used by the Iron Duke at Brussels before Waterloo. It was designed by the Duke himself to suit the country, and could be used as a collective carriage, as a gig, or as a cabriolet. The late Sir John Tyrell asked the second Duke to allow his land-steward and a carriage-builder to examine it, for the purpose of seeing how the various parts were put together. The Duke not only granted the necessary permission, but presented the historic curriole to Sir John, on whose death it passed into possession of his grandson and heir, Colonel Tufnell Tyrell, of Boreham House, Chelmsford, Essex.

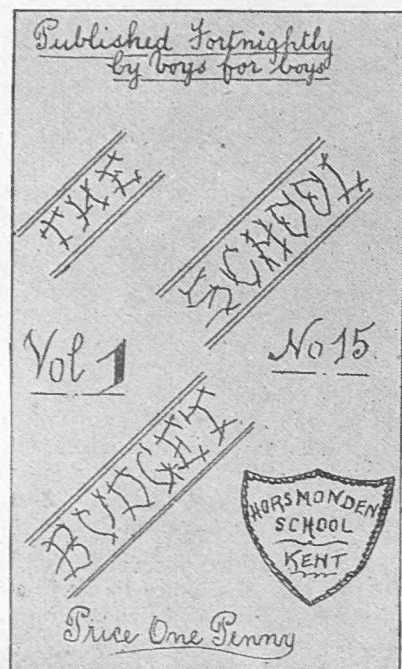


THE WAR FEVER AT CONEY ISLAND, ACCORDING TO "COLLIER'S WEEKLY."

ENTERPRISING MANAGER: Now then, you sons of veterans! You can't all go to Cuba, but you can capture some prizes by throwing at his ribs here. Hit him once, and you get a Manila. Three times, and you get a box of Havanas.



The boys of Horsmonden School, in Kent, have suddenly found themselves famous. They issue a little magazine, entitled the *School Budget*, of which at present only fifteen parts have appeared. In the thirteenth part they secured an amusing letter from Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Now there is a craze among collectors for every scrap of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's work; this craze is probably good for another



five years—not for eternity, as these amusing schoolboys suppose. Nevertheless, it is interesting while it lasts, and copies of No. 13 of the *School Budget* are selling at seven shillings and sixpence each. No. 14 contains a caricature of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, by Max Beerbohm, and No. 15 a portrait and interview with Mr. Max Pemberton. The interview with Mr. Pemberton makes very amusing reading. The mottoes of the magazine are "Saucy and Piquant" and "The Pen is Mightier than the Cane." Long may the *Budget* flourish! I am so pleased with it that to secure the first thirteen numbers I am even prepared to bribe the editor by publishing his portrait. But perhaps a cricket-bat would prove more potent.

As a "place" at which to give smart entertainments this season, the Grafton Galleries seem more than ever a vogue.

One easily understands when one compares these cool, airy, picture-hung apartments with the ordinary overheated occasions which we suffer, but seldom enjoy, in our friends' much-crowded drawing-rooms. Mrs. Roper Parkington's party in Grafton Street had an elaborate programme of varied entertainments provided by about a dozen professionals, with Gottlieb the delightful and his orchestra as interludes. Lady Anne Murray's gathering was greatly attended, and next evening one saw many of the same people come at Lady Frances Cecil's bidding. Benoist, who accounted for each supper, excelled himself.

It was a bold thing for Mr. Bernard Shaw to marry a woman with money, but it is still more audacious of him to drive about in a carriage and pair! A Socialist of my acquaintance came to me trembling with indignation. He had just seen "G. B. S." in the equipage of the capitalist. "How was he dressed?" I asked. "Oh, he didn't dress for the part," replied my informant. "I might almost have forgiven him if he had come out in a black frock-coat and a silk hat. No, he still wore the old 'dittos' and the felt hat and the Jaeger shirt—symbols of the great principles for which some of us have fought and bled. But what is there in common between a Jaeger shirt and a barouche? What shall it profit a man if he lose his soul and retain his 'dittos'? How does he reconcile Socialism with a pair of horses—a pair?" I suggested that "G. B. S." felt that he must go the whole animal, the whole pair of animals; that there was nothing of the one-horse show about him; that—. But here my Socialist visitor took up his felt hat and indignantly walked out without waiting for the rest of the case for the defence.

Do people recognise that this country has passed through a terrific crisis during the past fortnight? I think not. I have only an explanatory rumour to offer in answer to the question. It has been stated that, so soon as the news of Count Arco-Valley's accident reached Berlin, a telegram from an eminent person reached the Foreign Office. It stated that, as a German subject had nearly perished, prompt reparation must be made. Gibraltar and Malta were to be handed over, Essex was to become part of the German Empire, and on the spot where a member of the Embassy almost met his death a band-stand was to be erected. As no news has reached the public, it may be presumed that the case has been submitted to international arbitration, or that Count Arco-Valley's recovery has cancelled his master's demand.



RUDYARD KIPLING.  
By Max Beerbohm.

With regard to the portrait of the late Sam Emery in the garb of a Gipsy woman, which I gave the other day, Mr. R. W. Lowe, perhaps our greatest theatrical antiquarian, is of opinion that the character represented is that of Meg Merrilees, in "Guy Mannering"—a part that Emery surely must have played.

A dyspeptic correspondent writes to me in reference to my last issue—

I have just been glancing through *The Sketch*. Your first page, "Isn't She Dainty?" clamours for an emphatic "No!" She has the foot of a cart-horse. Your page 357 shows a child setting fire to his night-gown—and the child himself is rather awful. Your page 366 asks, "Isn't the Girl Sweet?" She's a terror—and you only want a semicircle of type round her head, saying, "Smoke Ogden's Guinea Gold Cigarettes," to make her complete. Finally, Siegmund and Sieglinde, on page 369, are worse than impossible. Where strength, emotion, passion, furious expectation should be, you are given a feeble carpenter carving his name in a tree, and Sieglinde looking on with mere domestic interest. These things are heartrending.

The 18th was the eighty-third anniversary of Wellington College, and a whole host of distinguished people went down with the Prince of Wales to wish the boys of the school good luck. The Prince said it would be more satisfactory to the master and the masters under him, and to the boys themselves, that they should go direct into the great military colleges without having recourse to "what is called the crammer." The Prince planted a red oak-tree in commemoration of his visit.

The Parisians have inaugurated a monument to Sainte-Beuve. It is a tribute obviously due to one whose influence on French letters has always been great and whose authority has constantly grown, so naturally due that the wonder is how a people excessively fond of raising statues should have kept the great critic waiting so long. Portrait-statue making is such a mania in France that it draws the jeers of the French themselves. The other day a literary wag published a letter bearing the date of the year 5000, to say that the remains of the people called French showed, as far as dug up, a strange practice of perpetuating in durable material every individual that died. The scientists, he said, were of accord that it had caused the extinction of the race, for, instead of each generation passing off the surface to make place for the next, in these images the bulk of all succeeding generations remained, until French territory became so encumbered there was no longer any space for the living, and the race perished for want of room.

There is something to be said, doubtless, from the other side, from the side of the historian and the anthropologist at least, as the people of the year 5000 will agree, should the wag's prophecy come true. There is this also to be noted in comparing the French practice with our own: if the French set up innumerable nonentities, often in very good art, we set up a few great men in invariably bad art. But to return to the subject: how is it that, taking one example among others, President Carnot has been dead but three years and has already twenty-nine monuments, with more in perspective, an average of ten a-year, and that Sainte-Beuve has been dead thirty years and until last week had none?

It is possible to suggest a reason, though one must go for it to psychology. It is a reason that would scarcely be formulated in Paris; that would not be acknowledged by the lettered, that owe him so much, but which it is permitted to believe has kept the conservative Academy from taking any initiative in the matter. The fact is that Sainte-Beuve, dying an unbeliever, left orders behind him for a civil interment, and not only because it was unusual at that date, but because he was a professor in the College of France and a member of the Senate, this made a great scandal. The shock to the public was enough to turn away the tide of interest from his personality, and to leave him to neglect. Even to-day he does not owe the move for his statue to the literary world; he owes it to a group of physicians who recalled that the author of "Port Royal" began life as a medical student.

A circular has been sent to me from Wiesbaden by an ingenious German named Keypur, who, it seems, has invented a harmless but very noisy infernal machine for flinging at cats howling on the housetops at night. The machine is said to resemble a cricket-ball in appearance, but in reality it is a bomb charged with a fulminate and warranted to explode with a terrific report when struck with any degree of violence.





It is with deep regret, a regret which will be shared by a very large circle, that I announce the death, on June 23, of Miss Clara Savile-Clarke, who was married only a few weeks ago to a Mr. Roblou. Miss Savile-Clarke was the daughter of Mr. Savile-Clarke, the well-known playwright and editor of the *Court Circular*. Her mother was well known in art circles as a painter of considerable ability. Miss Clara Savile-Clarke had great literary possibilities; she had published two books and a very large number of short stories in magazines and periodicals. Some of her stories had appeared in the *Illustrated London News*, the *English Illustrated Magazine*, and in this journal, the last contribution from her pen, in fact, being a charming child's story, entitled "King Bluebeard," which appeared in our issue of Feb. 16 last. Miss Savile-Clarke's great literary gifts were not more striking than her gifts of conversation. She was possessed of singular intellectual charm, and to a very large circle who were in the habit of visiting her house in Westbourne Park she has left some of the pleasantest, and what will now be some of the saddest, of memories.

The many Founders' Days in June make the midsummer month famous in the schools calendar. Not the least suggestive of these celebrations is the one connected with George Heriot's School, Edinburgh, as it was on a June day in 1659

that the hospital, as it was originally termed, was "dedicated in a very solemn manner, when the haill magistrates of Edinburgh were present." From that date Founder's Day has been duly celebrated each succeeding June. Though the Heriots were an old and respected county family—one Agnes Heriot was the mother of George Buchanan—it was George, the goldsmith of James VI., who gave distinction to the name. Removing with the Court to London, George Heriot dwelt "foreant the New



THE LATE MISS CLARA SAVILE-CLARKE.

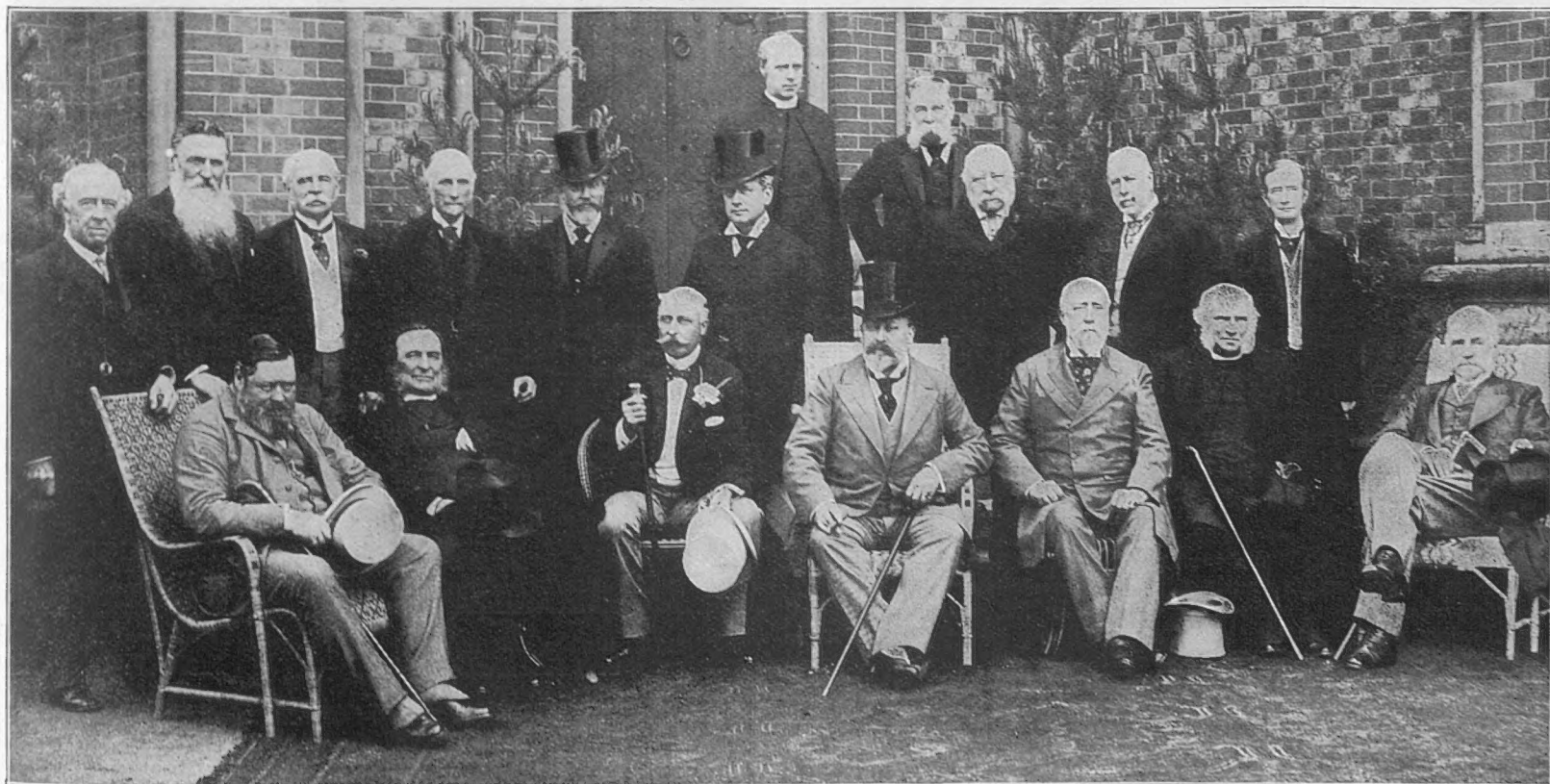
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

Exchange." Living sufficiently long in the Metropolis to be impressed by the noble institution, Christ's Hospital, in 1623, the year of his death, he assigned a portion of his belongings to found, in "imitation of the public, pious, and religious work foundat within the citie of London called Chrystis Hospital," a similar institution in his mother city of Edinburgh. Viewed from the Castlehill in the northern capital, George Heriot's Hospital, built in the Renaissance style that obtained in Scotland in the early part of the seventeenth century, has an imposing appearance. For a time Inigo Jones was credited as its designer, but Sir Walter Scott, who pays a high tribute to Heriot in "The Fortunes of Nigel," asserted that William Wallace, King James's master-mason, was the architect.

Adjoining Heriot's Hospital is a plot of ground perhaps the most historically interesting in the Scottish metropolis. This is the Greyfriars' Churchyard, which has been known to many generations of Herioters, as one of its delinquent scholars in the olden time made the mausoleum of Sir George Mackenzie his hiding-place. Here was laid to rest the remains of Scotland's famous scholar, George Buchanan, his grave unmarked until, some twenty years ago, a humble blacksmith erected a tablet with his own hands and at his own expense. A century ago it was regarded as a daring

deed for the youths of Edinburgh to venture to the door of Sir George Mackenzie's tomb and, placing their mouth on the keyhole, exclaim, "Bluidy Mackenzie, come oot an ye daur, Lift the sneek, an' draw the bar." On the outside wall of Old Greyfriars' Church the worth of Allan Ramsay, interred here, is commemorated, and other interesting memorials are those of George Heriot, the father of the Royal Goldsmith, Alexander Henderson, and Thomas Ruddiman.

Lord Derby. Bishop of Winchester. Lord Rosebery. Duke of Cambridge.



Duke of Wellington, Archbishop of Canterbury. Duke of Connaught. Prince of Wales. Prince Christian, Bishop of Oxford.

SOME DISTINGUISHED VISITORS TO WELLINGTON COLLEGE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. H. FRY, BRIGHTON.



To get an idea of the Land of the Midnight Sun you need not cross the German Ocean. It will be enough if you skim across the Pentland Firth and land in Orkney or Shetland. It is so light there at midnight



THE NIGHTS AT LERWICK WERE SO LIGHT THAT MESSRS. WILSON TOOK THIS PICTURE OF THE TOWN HALL AT MIDNIGHT.

that Messrs. Wilson were able to take this picture of Lerwick Town Hall at midnight.

An old correspondent of mine sends me these verses, apropos of the pastime which the fashionable woman is trying to revive, by which, in this summer weather, she uses a walking-stick instead of a parasol—

Shepherdess of Arcadie,  
Come to life again for me.  
Canst not with that fairy crook  
Leave the gilded prison nook?  
Rise and quit the dainty plate  
Where they painted you in state  
Rise, and once again be free,  
Shepherdess of Arcadie.  
Shepherdess of Arcadie,  
You would quite redeem that tea  
Served at foolish five o'clock—  
Though I greatly fear your frock,  
Showing man your buckled shoon,  
Might be thought to end too soon.  
Skirts are longer now, you see,  
Shepherdess of Arcadie.  
Shepherdess of Arcadie,  
You perchance might disagree  
With a modern maiden clad  
In the clothes that donned her dad  
In those days of long ago,  
When you chained the buckled beau—  
Knickerbockers to the knee  
Ne'er were known in Arcadie  
Shepherdess of Arcadie,  
You possessed no front-door key,  
Nor didst know the worth of  $\pi$ ,  
Naught of  $x$  and less of  $y$ .  
Always on your P's and Q's,  
Yet you rather scouted "views"—  
Woman says she isn't She,  
Shepherdess of Arcadie.  
Shepherdess of Arcadie,  
Fashion may again decree  
That your quilted kirtle reign,  
As in days ere Mr. Laue  
Printed poems by the sex,  
Keystone discords that perplex.  
Shepherdess of Arcadie,  
Such the wish of

J. M. B.

British Parliamentarians anxious to suppress unpopular colleagues should take a hint from the legislators of the little State of Luxembourg, who have discovered a new application of the boycott. Like the fly in the amber, there is a small group of Socialists among the body of staid landed gentlemen who form the Luxembourg House of Representatives. A certain Dr. Welter is the special victim of the majority's offended dignity. Their tactics consist chiefly in the desertion of the House whenever he rises to speak. A quorum is rendered impossible, and the sitting must perforce be adjourned. Dr. Welter has made no less than four efforts, all unsuccessful, to start a speech, but he does not intend to succumb tamely to his opponents' machinations. The people of Luxembourg are said to be watching the contest with bated breath, just as this country was almost as deeply stirred by the Titanic struggle of Mr. Bowles and Mr. Macdona for a seat behind the Ministerial Bench as by all the doings of the Americans and Spaniards around Cuba.

To go home to die is a common wish, but it is doubtful whether many a man would desire to go home to serve a term of imprisonment. This, however, has been the fervent hope, and is going to be the curious experience, of Herr Johannes Trojan, the editor of *Kladderadatsch*, which

was unlucky enough to incur the Imperial displeasure by one of its recent cartoons. Herr Trojan petitioned to be allowed to "do his two months" at Weichselmünde, not far from Dantzic, because that place was near his "heimath"—what a wealth of meaning that word has for the sentimental Teuton! The authorities sympathised with the editor's "heimweh," and granted his request. Accordingly, Herr Trojan has entered on his incarceration at Weichselmünde, and, in a farewell letter to a Berlin daily, said a long-standing wish had been realised—he saw his home again, and was thankful, even though he returned a prisoner. When we go to prison, may we all go with as good grace as Herr Trojan.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has quitted Kingussie, where for a number of years past he had spent a portion of every year, and taken up residence at Skibo Castle, in Sutherlandshire. The people of the district, on Mr. Carnegie's arrival there lately, extended to the American millionaire and his wife and daughter a genuine Highland welcome, and presented Mr. Carnegie with an illuminated address. In his reply, Mr. Carnegie said that, in conversation last year with the great soul who passed away the other day, Mr. Gladstone said, "I am rejoiced, Mr. Carnegie, that there is a likelihood of your becoming proprietor of Skibo; I know it well, and I never can forget passing Meikle Ferry."

The marriage of the Hon. Derek Keppel, Equerry to the Duke of York, and the Hon. Bridget Harbord, youngest daughter of Lord Suffield, attracted everybody who is anybody to St. George's, Hanover Square, last week. Mr. Keppel, who was born in 1863, is seven years older than his bride, whose sister Judith is a Maid of Honour to the Queen.

I hear that Mr. W. Kinnaird Rose, the representative of Reuter in the Greco-Turkish War last year and in the British-Egyptian campaign in the spring, is incapacitated from further service as a war-correspondent. Mr. Rose, who has seen life in various regions of the globe, and distinguished himself as a "special" as far back as the siege of Plevna, underwent considerable hardship in the retreat of the Greeks from Larissa last year, and shortly before the recent battle on the Atbara he had a narrow escape from a posse of Arabs who surrounded him unawares. Exposure to a tropical sun and recurrences of dysentery have rendered a stay-at-home life henceforth imperative for Mr. Rose, whose services, however, are still retained by Reuter in the London office.

I saw a curious little "Stereoscopic Charm" the other day. It takes the form of a locket, book form; when opened a miniature photograph and lens fly out, in position for viewing. Thus you may carry your lady-love next to your heart.

In the opera founded upon the Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould's novel, "Red Spider," a leading part will be played by Miss Carr Shaw, sister of the late dramatic critic of the *Saturday Review*, and herself long associated with "Dorothy" on tour.

The Japanese now publish three times as many books as the Italians, whose

literary powers seem to have faded almost entirely away since the days of the Romans. Out of 25,000 volumes published last year in the Land of Flowers, no less than 5000 were law-books, and 1300 treated of religion, which shows that the romantic little nation has not yet taken kindly to any written form of romance.



THE HON. BRIDGET HARBORD.  
Photo by Miss Alice Hughes, Gower Street.



THE HON. DEREK KEPPEL.  
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.



This penny Mauritius stamp was issued, together with a twopenny of similar design, in 1847, its extreme rarity being due not only to the time which has elapsed since its appearance, but also to the very small number printed. It is the rarest stamp in the world, and has been recently purchased by Mr. W. H. Peckitt, the well-known dealer in the Strand, to whom I am indebted for these particulars. It is worth over £1000, which Mr. Peckitt tells me is the highest sum ever given for a single stamp in this country. Only one other copy on the original envelope is known, and that is in the British Museum. It is believed that nearly all these stamps were used up on the day of issue in franking invitations to an official ball, and, as the envelope is small and only suitable for enclosing a card or single sheet of paper, and also as the date of the post-mark and the handwriting on the envelope are precisely similar to that of the only other known copy, a certain amount of probability, on these grounds alone, is attached to the above theory.



THIS STAMP IS WORTH  
OVER £1000.

Mr. Edward W. Murphy, the Honorary Secretary of the Japanese and Pekinese Spaniel Club, writing from Brandon Farm, Birkenhead, says—

I have read with much interest the letter in your paper of the 15th inst. from Surgeon-Major Heuston, re "Pekin Pugs," and think it perhaps advisable, with your kind permission, to put the matter at rest. The correct name of these dogs is "Pekinese Spaniel," this name having been settled by the Specialist Club, under whose protection they are, and approved by the Kennel Club. It is also a mistake to consider these dogs scarce in England. My sister, Mrs. H. L. Allen, has a large kennel of them, including the unbeaten premier, Pekin Prince, winner of fifty first prizes and cups; Pekin Pretty, Pekin Princess, &c.; while Lady Algernon Lennox, Lady Fremantle, Mrs. Murray, Mrs. Howard Kingscote, the Honourable Mrs. McLaren-Morrison, and others, own a few specimens each. I enclose you book of rules of Japanese Spaniel Club, with scale of points of Pekinese.

The points of Pekinese Spaniels as stated in the book are as follow—

Head.—The head should be large, very broad, wide between the eyes, muzzle deep, broad and square, lower jaw not turned up like a Japanese Spaniel; eyes large, dark, and lustrous, very prominent, and set wide apart; ears covered with long hair.

Body.—Body should be very heavy in front, falling away light behind, as in a bulldog, low on the leg, and as short in body as is consistent with light hind quarters.

Legs.—The legs should be heavy, with as much bone as possible, well out at elbow, and feathered.

Feet.—The feet should be long and flat, and covered with long hair, which should increase their length but not their breadth.

Tail.—The tail must be carried in a curl over the back, as in a Japanese Spaniel, and should be profusely feathered, so as to give it the appearance of a "plume" over the animal's back.

Coat.—The mane (which is a very important point) should be very profuse,



THE FAMOUS PEKINESE SPANIEL, PEKIN PRINCE.

Photo by Pugh, Liverpool.

giving a lion-like appearance; the coat like that of a collie, double—a long, straight outer coat, and a dense, thick under one.

Colour.—Black, black and tan, brindle, fawn and chocolate. In the brindles and fawns a black mask is to be desired.

Size.—A Pekinese may be any size, but the small ones are to be desired.

Shelley's Oxford honours came very late, but now there is no relic of the poet too poor for the University to do it reverence. In University College, the society that expelled him, his drowned form, wrought in chaste marble, lies in a goodly shrine; in the Bodleian they treasure an

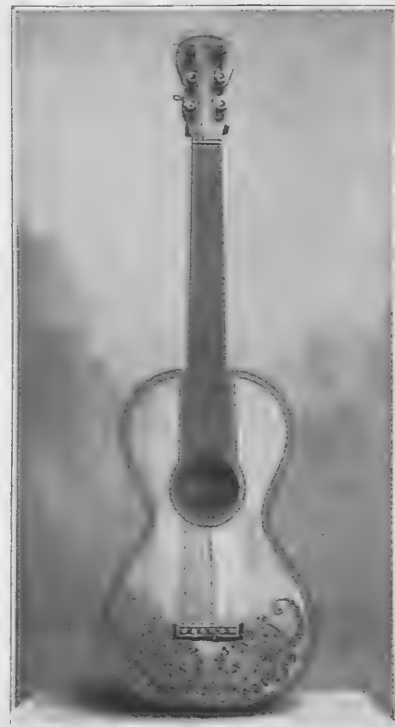
incomparable collection of his manuscripts, the watch and copy of Sophocles he carried on his fatal voyage. And just the other day the Bodleian received into its keeping another relic, the guitar which formed the subject of the poem "To a Lady, with a Guitar." The lady in question was Jane Williams, wife of Captain Ellerker Williams, who perished at sea with Shelley. The instrument has been carefully preserved by the Williams family, and was recently sought in exchange for current coin by Mr. E. W. Silsbee, a devoted Shelley student from Massachusetts. The owner, Mr. Wheeler Williams, would part with it only to a public institution. Dr. Garnett suggested the Bodleian, and Mr. Silsbee, having generously purchased the relic, handed it over accordingly. The guitar will be exhibited in a glazed case.

Shelley made the presentation to Mrs. Williams early in 1822. In January of that year he wrote from Italy to Horace Smith, at Paris, begging him to buy a harp, not too expensive, for Shelley to present to a friend. He urged haste, and "an immediate advance from Smith's accustomed kindness," "lest the grace of my compliment should be lost." Smith evidently thought that "a good pedal harp and five or six napoleons' worth of music" was rather a large order on the strength of an informal "I.O.U.," so Shelley had to execute his own commission in Italy. For reasons best known to himself, the poet now chose a mere guitar instead of a harp, and the five or six napoleons' worth of music was presumably (and with what happy gain to literature!) supplanted by the priceless song—

Ariel to Miranda—take  
This slave of music.

The allusion to "The Tempest" is ingeniously explained by the fact that the front of the instrument is of Swiss fir-wood, suggesting Ariel's penance in the cloven pine, and a like imprisonment in the guitar of the spirit of music. Is it pushing analogy and suggestion too far to trace a further link with "The Tempest" in the Christian name of Ferdinando Bottari of Pisa, who made the guitar in 1816? Manifestly it is, and perilous to the poetry of the conception; but it is a quaint coincidence, nevertheless.

Now that summer appears to have set in in real earnest, the reappearance on the Thames of the New Palace Steamers is a boon to the jaded Londoner and the mere pleasure-seeker alike. Thanks to them, a breath of fresh air may be obtained by a trip to Margate and Ramsgate, or, for those with a day at their disposal, to Boulogne and Ostend. The *Royal Sovereign* and *Koh-i-Noor* are commodious and comfortable, and *La Belgique* is a smart little craft. But the magnificent *Marguerite* is far and away the finest pleasure-vessel afloat. By rising early in the morning, one can cross by her to Boulogne and Ostend—on different days—remain on shore for two or three hours, and be back in London on the same night. And, what is more to the point, as a recent experience proves, the journey can be made in most luxurious manner, thanks to a spacious and steady ship and the excellence of the catering of Messrs. Spiers and Pond, who are more up-to-date than ever. A bright little guide to these steamers and their trips has been issued. It contains descriptive articles on the river—from London Bridge to the Nore—on Margate, Ramsgate, Boulogne, and Ostend. It is edited by Mr. Austin Brereton.



THIS GUITAR WAS STRUMMED BY  
SHELLEY.

Photo by Pym, Streatham.

The method of appointing a Vicar to St. James's Church, Clerkenwell, is, I think, unique in this country; at any rate, in the Clergy List it is the only living of which the patrons are the "householders" in the parish. There are sixteen churches in England and Wales where the parson is appointed by the "inhabitants," but I presume that an inhabitant is not necessarily a householder. Neither, I imagine, need a "parishioner" be a householder, and I see that in fifteen parishes the appointment of the clergyman rests with the "parishioners," among the places mentioned being St. Sepulchre's, Cambridge, and St. Stephen's, Coleman Street, E.C. Other London churches, it may be interesting to note, have their parsons provided, to some extent, by "vox populi," to wit, St. Andrew-by-the-Wardrobe with St. Ann Blackfriars, the patrons of which are "parishioners and merecers," while with regard to St. Michael, Wood Street, with St. Mary Staining, the parishioners and the Lord Chancellor take turns about in the appointment. I have seen it stated in connection with the Clerkenwell election of last week that "fifteen parishes enjoy similar privileges," but the numbers I quote are more like forty. I find also ten parishes where "landowners" have the say, and a number in which one or more "Lords of the Manor" are patrons.



The practical rules everywhere. You will be interested in learning from these excellent pictures of the transformation that is taking place at Highgate Archway. The gain is enormous, so far as traffic is concerned, but those who love the picturesque will be disappointed. How often I have stood on the bridge, like the late lamented Laureate, and watched



HIGHGATE ARCHWAY AS IT IS.

the great gully of the road below, the trees on the banks casting shadows on the roadway on a moonlight night. Progress and cast-iron have ended that.

The Carabiniers (6th Dragoon Guards), known to Tommy as "Roger Tichborne's Own," in spite of the assurance given in the House that the change of uniform from blue to red will not be carried out so far as full-dress is concerned, are not satisfied. The only Dragoon regiment clad in blue, they have always been proud of the distinction, and it is hard to see what end is served by insisting on putting them into scarlet against their will. Talking about uniform, one difficulty of obtaining men in Canada for the "Royal Canadians," or Leinsters, appears to be that the dress does not appeal to the would-be soldier there, as it is much less attractive than that of the Canadian permanent force. This seems to be a greater objection than the difference in the pay of the Imperial and Colonial soldier.

The London Scottish, under Lieut.-Colonel Eustace Balfour, have arranged to send a detachment for an autumn march through the most picturesque and historic portion of the Western Highlands. Colonel Balfour wishes to do something towards popularising soldiering in the interests of the Army. About four hundred members of the regiment have sent in their names, a number greatly in excess of the strength fixed for the marching column. The Duke of Montrose, Lord Breadalbane, and other landowners on the line of march have promised their support. The column will start from Glasgow, and will march thence into the Rob Roy country about Loch Lomond. Another Volunteer regiment which is distinctly abreast of the times is the Queen's Westminster, which has a strength of over twelve hundred. When reviewed by Lord Wolseley the other day more than eleven hundred men paraded, the average height being 5 ft. 9 in. The regiment is complete in every rank and department, and could be mobilised for active service in twelve hours.

Lieutenant Dan Godfrey's band is causing quite a sensation in Canada. At Halifax and at Montreal the band has played to immense audiences, five thousand people attending one concert at Montreal. The Halifax *Herald*, after commenting on the fine appearance of the men in their gorgeous uniforms, says, "The wood-wind of Dan Godfrey's band is like unto luscious fruit bursting over in ripeness and richness of quality. . . . No such military exponents of music have been in Halifax before." The Montreal *Gazette*, though not indulging in such ecstasies, says that the blending and balancing of the instruments were wonderful, and that the programme concluded in a perfect storm of applause and cheering.

Another sensation at Halifax the other day was the sudden mobilisation of the Imperial forces there. A single word, "Mobilise," was telegraphed from London, and though no notice had been given, in five minutes 850 men of the Leinster Regiment, with some five hundred Artillerymen and Engineers,

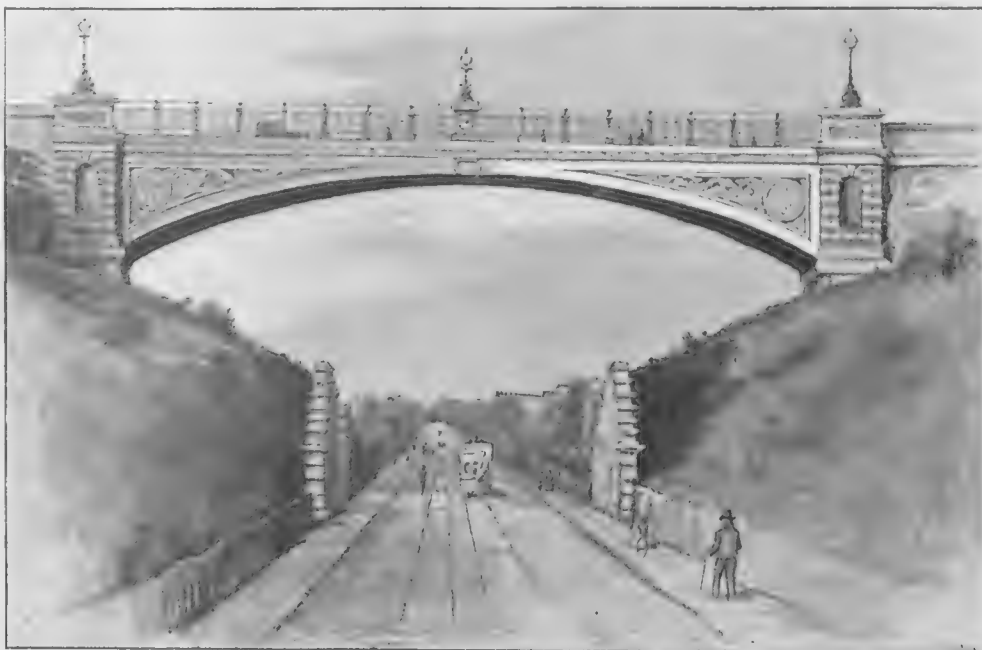
were drawn up awaiting orders, and soon afterwards were at their respective stations, with ammunition and everything in readiness. All sorts of rumours were afloat, one being that a fleet of Spanish or French warships was approaching with the intention of bombarding the forts; but later on it was found that it was simply an experiment designed by the War Office to test the efficiency of the local arrangements for defence.

An Anglo-Indian soldier wants to know why the Simla military authorities do not make use of the opportunities for sport in India to teach Tommy Atkins scouting duties. Captain Burton, of the Hyderabad Contingent, some little time ago drew attention to the possibilities of combining "shikar" and scout-training, instancing the practice of the Russians by way of example. A most important part of the training of the Russian *okhotniki*, or scouts, consists of annual expeditions after wild beasts, military exercises being undertaken also. The Russian scouts so trained are picked men whose physique and intelligence distinguish them. It is acknowledged that fox-hunting is invaluable as training for cavalry officers, giving them that "eye for a country" nothing else can bestow; and one can well understand that the pursuit of wary or dangerous game on mountain or in jungle must quicken a man's senses and teach him alertness and readiness of resource.

Jaguarina, the champion woman-fencer of the world, has been a professional fencer for sixteen years, and is now only thirty-three. She has in this time defeated twenty-seven skilled cavalry fencers in mounted contests, and has never lost one of her sixty-two matches. A woman of fine physique, she uses a sabre six ounces heavier than the regulation sabre. American writers seem half-angry that she has not offered her services for the United States army for the invasion of Cuba. But Jaguarina draws the line at soldiering.

With reference to the interesting and piquant statement that Prince Ranji, in Dark Blue instead of Light Blue cap, will be shown, *mutatis mutandis*, on the boards of Old Drury in the next autumn drama, a friend makes an equally piquant proposal. Inasmuch as the 'Varsity Match at Lord's is to be presented with verisimilitude, why should not Mr. Arthur Collins take a leaf out of his own book? In "The White Heather," members of "the House" used to appear readily in the Stock Exchange scene; in like manner, why should not a number of "Old Blues," headed, of course, by those ex-Cantabs Mr. William Yardley, playwright and dramatic critic, and Mr. C. Aubrey Smith, actor, be invited to take part in the Lord's scene? The realism of the affair would be increased immensely by the carrying out of this suggestion, and I commend it to the notice of Mr. Collins and Messrs. Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton.

A pretty picture-book of scenery in the North-East of England is afforded by a little guide issued by the North-Eastern Railway. The new handbook, "Scenery in North-East England," with its excellent map of the North-Eastern system, descriptive introduction, and profuse illustrations of the various places of interest, taken in connection with the company's "Guide to Hotels and Furnished Lodgings to be let in Farmhouses, Seaside, and Country Villages," supplies much-needed information.



HIGHGATE ARCHWAY AS IT WILL BE.



Although I am not a Wellington Wells, I devote this page to various aspects of magic. In the first place I must refer to the latest flying-machine, which has been designed by Mr. G. L. O. Davidson, who lectured upon it to the Aëronautical Society on Friday. He has completely abandoned the ordinary balloon as impracticable and

rope snapped like a thread, and the balloon was swept onward for about two miles, with the car and its occupant trailing behind and crashing through fences and hedges and other obstructions. Ultimately, it was seen by a group of cyclists, who tried to secure it, and were astonished to hear an agonised appeal from the aëronaut, "Put a slit



MAKING READY FOR THE ASCENT.

*Photo by Richards, Bowes Park, N.*

cumbrous, and has constructed his machine so as to comply with the requirements of nature as ascertained by a study of the laws of birds' flight. A lifter has been devised which, with so small a diameter as four feet, will raise a weight greater than that of the necessary machinery, and all that is wanted is money to enable a full-sized machine to be constructed. Let England make haste, says Mr. Davidson, and keep the supremacy of the air as she has of the sea; otherwise, we may be unpleasantly surprised by our Continental rivals dropping dynamite bombs upon us from their air-ships.

Citizens who dwell in the suburbs will take the morning flier to the City instead of the stuffy train. Carter Paterson will plump down packages from the skies at your door in Surbiton. It does not occur to Mr. Davidson that this overhead traffic will make life more hideous than it is made already by chimneys and sky-signs. Fancy the firmament blotted out by flocks of mechanical birds a hundred feet wide! I suppose the police will prowls about on official monsters regulating this traffic, while the unfortunate people on the earth below will crawl about in perpetual shadow, robbed of the blessed sun. When Tennyson talked about aerial navies battling in the blue, he could have had no idea of Mr. Davidson's appalling ambition.

Another wizard rose from the Alexandra Palace on Saturday evening (June 18) and had an exciting time. A north-westerly wind carried him over Epping Forest, and, on reaching the meadowland round the village of Stapleford Abbot, he opened the valve and dropped his anchor. So great, however, was the momentum of the balloon that when the anchor caught in a tree the stout



THE BALLOON ASCENT.

*Photo by Richards, Bowes Park, N.*

in it." One of the gentlemen cut a hole in the silken covering, while the whole party hung on to the netting until sufficient gas had escaped to destroy the lifting capacity of the balloon, when the aëronaut crawled out of the car, glad to find himself on land again.

It is evidently decreed that each successive French Chamber shall possess at least one member the eccentricities of whose costume will afford his colleagues matter for merriment. First of all, M. Thruvier, the emulator of our own Keir Hardie, appeared on the scene. He was succeeded by Dr. Grenier, the ablution-performing "Mussulman." Dr. Grenier's electors, however, would have none of him this time, and the place he occupied in the public eye will probably be filled worthily by a certain M. Jacob, a small farmer from Brittany, who means to attend the meetings of Parliament in the picturesque Breton costume. One of the most bitter grievances the Socialists have against M. Paul Deschanel, who wrested the Presidency from M. Brisson the other day, is that he pays far too much attention to dress. Unfortunately for the theories dear to certain members of the proletariat, M. Deschanel's arguments and oratorical powers are not less impeccable than the cut of his garments.

What is the secret of Mr. Maskelyne's magical box? Two clever young men in Deptford, brass-founders, thought they knew a thing or two, and asked a British jury to take them at their value and give them the £500 which the magician of the Egyptian Hall offered. The youth may have wriggled out of the box, but it was not Mr. Maskelyne's box. I may add that even Mr. David Devant does not know how Mr. Maskelyne's wonderful box is made.



THE BOX TRICK, WHICH IS CLEVER, BUT NOT CLEVER ENOUGH TO GET MR. MASKELYNE'S £500.



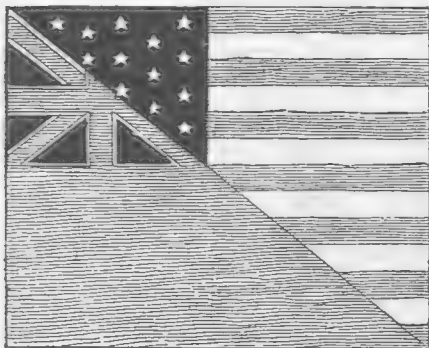
The Duchesse d'Uzes, who is a fervent devotee of the automobile—so fervent, indeed, that she was stopped the other day by a humble policeman for driving her machine through the streets of the French capital faster than the regulations permit—strongly objects to the term used in France to designate ladies who drive in horseless carriages. The word is “*chauffeuse*,” which, to speak the language of the ordinary English-French grammar, means, in our idiom, the stoker’s wife, or the female stoker. The Duchess has appealed to the Press not to saddle ladies with such a disagreeable epithet, and suggests as an alternative that the English word motor-woman should be adopted instead. She predicts that within a very few months the craze for automobilism will have taken firm possession of every lady in Parisian society. M. Hugues Le Roux, who, with his wife and family, was almost run over the other day by an automobile, has warned the Prefect of Police that he intends to carry about a loaded revolver in his pocket with which to shoot every motor-man or motor-woman who drives too fast “with as little compunction as he would a mad dog.” There may be lively goings-on shortly in the city on the Seine.

The fine ladies of New York seem to have taken up the private hansom as a vehicle wherein to do their shopping and so forth. I have seen a list, headed by Mrs. John Jacob Astor, of the "grandes dames Americaines," who drive about in their hansoms with coachmen in livery on the box, and everything smart and spick-and-span, right down to their own tailor-made dresses. From what I gather, this hansom-cab running will prove a rather expensive fad. What do the "Gentlemen Joes" of New York think of it?

M. Léon Daudet, in the memoir of his father, Alphonse Daudet, just published, alludes to "the analogies between his father's handwriting and that of Jean-Jacques Rousseau." The former never hesitated, he relates, at making the corrections and deletions he thought desirable. "A first rough draft, written straight off, served as a canvas. . . . After

a long and searching test a third and definite manuscript was produced."

The recent discussion on the suggestion of an alliance of England and the United States has brought out the accompanying design for a combination flag. The idea is a woman's, and originated with the daughter of Mr. Edmund D. Barbour of Chicago. She made a banner on these lines, and its appearance has been much commended.



A FLAG REPRESENTING THE ALLIANCE OF  
ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

speaking thereat is rather odd after his recent essays on after-dinner oratory. He proposed the "Ladies" at a feast of the New Vagabonds. If he dislikes such dining and such speaking, what took him there and what made him spout? He thinks it is a pity that women should attend these dinners. Then why propose their health when he catches them in this lamentable indiscretion? There seems to be rather more than the chartered inconsequence of the literary man in Mr. Lang's proceedings. The chief objection to public dinners and oratorical trimmings is that they are mostly bad. The art of talking coherently and happily after dinner is rare, because few people have either the aptitude or the patience to acquire it. Mr. Lang composed an excellent speech for the New Vagabonds, and delivered it so well that every word was audible. Having shown how the thing ought to be and can be done, why should he round on the whole business as if it were beneath the dignity of man, to say nothing of letters?

The Women Writers' Dinner, which took place in the Victoria Suite at the Criterion last week, was a very cheery affair. Flowers had been sent in abundance, and the three long tables were beautifully decorated by several ladies, under the direction of Miss G. Ireland Blackburne, the Hon. Secretary, to whose energy and tact the success of the evening was largely due. The Women Writers themselves mustered in force. "John Oliver Hobbes" presided, and was warmly congratulated on her new venture, "The Ambassador."

The reports, at any rate, refute the calumny that women cannot be enthusiastic about one another's clothes! In all I have read on the subject there is a good deal more about what the ladies had on than of what they had to say. They sat at three long tables, and yet there were not three degrees of comfortable, but only one degree, for it was understood that this arrangement settled all questions of precedence on a basis of perfect equality. After that let it not be said that women have no genius for organisation. Everybody looked lovely, and the things they said to one another were extremely brilliant, though very few have been remembered.

The sore subject of grammar came up, and brought with it the unmanly reviewer who goes on complaining that women can never learn the rules of English prose composition. Mrs. Steel was satirical about some anonymous wretch who cut up her prepositions, though his own were nothing to boast of. Miss Mary Kingsley frankly owned that she seldom wrote a sentence correctly. In return for this charming candour, the horrid male critic who believes that Miss Kingsley's English is the worst in the literary market, must admit that her good sense and merry humour go far to console him.

I am afraid I have been disappointed in the new monthly, the *Poster* (published at 310, Strand). The charming poster by "Yendis" announcing its appearance, which I reproduce here, had raised my hopes high, but the result in point of printing is not what I expected. It cannot compare with the *Paris Journal* on the same appear mainly in printing (so as to *Poster* could at least of posters, however as an exponent of



DESIGNED BY MOSNAR YENDIS.

*Reproduced by permission of Messrs. David Allen and Sons, Limited.*

journal on the same subject. Furthermore, for an organ on posters to appear mainly in black-and-white is a mistake. I know that colour-printing (so as to reproduce posters in facsimile) is expensive, but the *Poster* could at least give us more than one poster in colour. Collectors of posters, however, will find a lot of interesting details on this hobby, and as an exponent of this fascinating art the new magazine will be welcomed.

In "A Woman's Chances of Marriage" Mr. Holt Schooling applies his philosophy of statistics and diagrams to matrimony. His object is to show women by tables of ages at what time of life they ought to marry a particular kind of man. Unfortunately, Mr. Schooling determines the kind of man solely by his age. It is an important condition, but it is not everything. Is it better to wed a man of the wrong age but the right disposition than a man of the right age who is wrong in all other respects, including size and complexion? Mr. Schooling does not mention this problem, though it throbs in most of the matrimonial advertisements. But he is very luminous on the subject of widows, especially young widows, who marry a second time—nay, several times over—thus competing most unfairly with the spinster. I often wonder that spinsters do not form a secret society for the suppression, if not the extermination, of widows who are young and beautiful. Surely the Indian custom of suttee or widow-burning must have originated in this very natural jealousy. In France the widow is an even more formidable rival of the spinster than in England, for the French widow has perfect liberty, and nobody is permitted to talk scandal about her. Scandal, as everybody knows, is the moral discipline which holds English society together, and, if English widows were exempt from it, I should tremble for our hearths and homes.

Last week the Tabourier collection, containing some very fine pictures both of the ancient and modern French school, was put up to auction at the Hôtel Drouot. Besides pictures, there were many good bronzes, sculptures, tapestries, and *objets d'art*. There were also Delacroix's rough designs for his celebrated decoration of Saint Sulpice.

[illegible]

Is the age of chivalry dead? Perhaps it is not, and yet I fear that the modern woman is doing much to shorten its days. Now and again the spirit moves me to be a Squire of Dames, but, after an experience I am about to narrate, the spirit's motive-power must be subjected to a heavy discount. Armed with a waterproof and an umbrella fair to see, I climbed the other morning upon a 'bus-top. When I looked round, I saw that my immediate neighbour was a young girl of more than common prettiness, blessed with a complexion that is rarely seen. She had no umbrella or waterproof—nothing, in fact, to protect her except a small

As I came to that determination my journey's end was reached, and still the conductor's cry rose through the blinding rain. "Madam," I said, raising my hat in the most approved fashion, "my office is yonder; I fear you have far to go. There is no room inside, nor is it likely that there will be any. May I lend you my umbrella?" "You are very kind," she said—her voice matched her complexion, and King Lear's tribute to a woman's voice rose to my mind—"I am going to —," and she named a district a full twopence away from the point at which the 'bus was pulling up. "Very well," I said; "you see my offices," and I



CLEMENT STEPHENS' ABERDEEN ANGUS BULL, BEST MAN OF BENTON.



LONGHORN COW, MOSS ROSE.



CLYDESDALE STALLION.



W. BYFORD'S SUFFOLK FILLY, COURT PRIDE.



E. R. DUTTON'S FIRST-PRIZE COACHING MARE, BELTON COUNTESS, AND FOAL.



SIR GILBERT GREENALL'S FIRST-PRIZE HUNTER, SCARLET, AND FOAL.

SOME EXHIBITS AT THE BIRMINGHAM SHOW.

brother, who sat on a seat in front with coat-collar turned up and hands hidden in pockets, awaiting the coming storm. Below us the conductor called "Full inside!"; and, as he did so, Jupiter Pluvius sent forth all the fury of his rain. Gallantly I protected the pretty lady who shared the garden-seat; modestly she accepted the shelter of my umbrella. The minutes sped along, the 'bus followed suit; we neared my destination, and yet the stern conductor called to rain-beaten wayfarers who hailed him from the pavement, "Full inside!" My fare was but a penny one, hers cost thrice the amount, and a struggle agitated my breast. Could I leave her to perish in that blinding storm? Duty called me to work, inclination bade work be forgotten. I had to effect a compromise.

pointed to them; "leave the umbrella with the housekeeper there when you have finished with it." She thanked me, one or two average Britons who sat on the 'bus-top rolling in wraps and protections of all sorts looked amused—I felt they would have seen consumption prey on that damask cheek before they would have surrendered a rib of their umbrella or a hem of their waterproof. I strode across the road into the rain, glad and content. Mark the sequel. A week later a weary, wet, disillusioned man passed into the shop of a vendor of umbrellas and parted with hard-earned shekels of silver and shekels of gold. He is no longer a Squire of Dames, but just a hard, calculating, cold-blooded, matter-of-fact, practical citizen from this time forward.



## THE MUSIC OF YESTERYEAR:

AND WHAT MR. ARNOLD DOLMETSCH HAS DONE TO REVIVE IT.



MR. ARNOLD DOLMETSCH.

If you have read George Moore's new novel, "Evelyn Innes," you may have had some vague idea of having encountered the girl's father before. You have. In so far as old Mr. Innes's musical career is concerned, his prototype in real life is no less than Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch, who has done more, perhaps, to reconstruct the musical atmosphere of yesteryear than anybody else.

The English music of the past strikes the modern as hopeless when he comes to Shakspeare, whose allusions to the whole art are wrongly interpreted by the nineteenth-century mind. What Shakspeare meant by music and what we mean by music are two vastly different things. The mind which obtains its education in melody through "classical Monday Pops" has not the faintest rudiment of a vocabulary with which to read such a passage as this—

If music be the food of love, play on;  
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,  
The appetite may sicken, and so die.  
That strain again!—it had a dying fall:  
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odour!

The reason is obvious. By music, Shakspeare meant the mellow voice of the lute, the varied passion of the virginals and harpsichord, the tender melody of the viola-da-gamba; by music, we mean the clash of an overweighted orchestra, the strident blare of a military band, the level monotony of the ubiquitous suburban piano. There can be nothing in common between these two ideas of music save the word which has such a wealth of suggestion in the one case and such a poverty in the other.

Some kindly disposed moderns may be inclined to pity their ancestors that they were ignorant of the musical instruments which prevail in the drawing-rooms and concert-halls of to-day. They may conserve their pity for a more genuine need. For musical instruments are certainly not one of the

things we make better in these modern times. Whether as objects of beauty or as creators of melody, the instruments of the olden time far surpass those which have usurped their place in the musical equipment of the present age. South Kensington Museum will demonstrate the superiority in beauty, Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch's music-room in Bayley Street, Bedford Square, the pre-eminence in melody. At South Kensington there are innumerable rare specimens of virginals, and clavichord, and harpsichord, and lute; but the hand of time is heavy upon them, their glory of ornament is dim, and they are as mute as the voices which once mingled with their tones. At Bayley Street there is an equally fine collection of these old-time instruments; but here they are as rich in colour and as firm in outline as when they left their makers' hands, and living fingers and voices waken again the strains of such melody as Shakspeare meant by music. South Kensington looks upon virginals, harpsichord, clavichord, lute, as articles of vertu or curiosity; Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch looks upon them as musical instruments which have been ignorantly deposed from their sovereignty over the emotions.

Two visits should be paid to that Bayley Street music-room. Let the first be on some week-day morning, when Mr. Dolmetsch can spare an hour to show his treasures. There is no instrument here disloyal to the olden time, or such as cannot claim an ancestry of a century or two. Yet, stay, there is one exception. That harpsichord in the far corner is but two years old. It tells its own history: "Arnold Dolmetsch, Londini, Fecit, MDCCCXCVI." And yet it is not modern. Of what moment is it that the wood and ivory and wire have had but two twelvemonths' companionship when the idea which they express had its birth in some brain which crumbled into dust generations ago? Not that Mr. Dolmetsch has not added something of his own; but he will be the first to tell you that in making this modern harpsichord he has kept faithfully to the models of the olden time. It was finished in time for the Arts and Crafts Exhibition of two years ago, the immediate cause of its manufacture being the fact that no old harpsichord was of sufficient power to be effective in a large concert-hall. This is the actual instrument which Mr. Dolmetsch has used at the Royal Opera for the past two years, and its effectiveness in that huge building will be fresh in the memory of all lovers of music.

But it is time to examine some of the instruments which are old in make as well as model. Here, for example, is a spinet belonging to the end of the seventeenth century, and owning as its creator the famous Thomas Hitchcocks, of London.



A MODERN HARPSICHORD.

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MISS EDITH JOHNSTON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.





# NUREMBURG

Written by H. W. Longfellow  
 Pictured by Herbert Railton

In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad  
 meadow-lands

Rise the blue Franconian mountains  
 Nuremburg, the ancient stands.

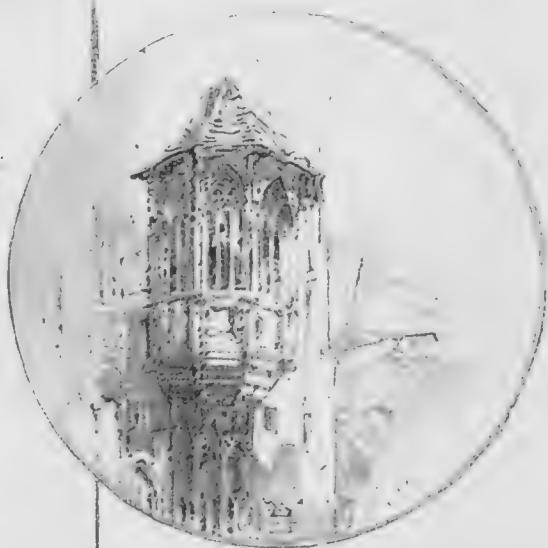
Quaint old town of toil and traffic  
 quaint old town of art and song,  
 Memories haunt thy pointed gables,  
 like the rocks that round them throng.

Memories of the Middle Ages when  
 the emperors, rough and bold,  
 Had their dwelling in thy castle  
 time-defying, centuries old,

On the square the criel window where  
 in old heroic days,  
 sat the poet Melchior singing Kayser  
 Maximilian's praise



Everywhere I see around me rise  
 the wondrous world of Art:  
 Fountains wrought with richest  
 sculpture standing in the common mart.



Here, when Art was still religion,  
with a simple, reverent heart,  
Lived and laboured Albrecht Dürer  
the Evangelist of Art;

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling  
still with busy hand,  
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking  
for the Better Land.

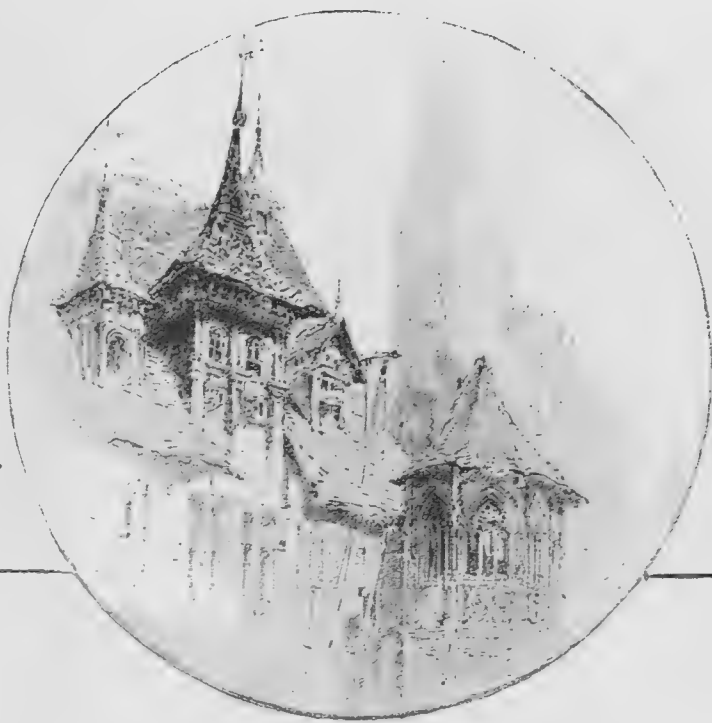
Emigrant is the inscription on the  
tomb-stone where he lies;  
Dead he is not,— but departed —  
for the artist never dies.

Through these streets so broad and  
stately, these obscure and dismal lanes,  
Walked of yore the Mastersingers,  
chanting rude poetic strains.

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet,  
laureate of the gentle craft,  
Wise of the Twelve Wise Masters,  
in huge folios sang and laughed.

Not thy Council, not thy thy Kaisers,  
win for thee the world's regard;  
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and  
Hans Sachs, thy cobbler-bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer  
from a region far away,  
As he paced thy streets and court-  
yards, sang in thought his careless lay:



Gathering from the pavement's crevice  
of a floweret from the soil  
The nobility of labour, — the long  
pedigree of toil



## SANDOW TURNS EDITOR.

Mr. Eugen Sandow has taken upon him yet another weight, and a heavy one. It is nothing more nor less than editorship, but he promises to bear it as serenely as he carries a dozen men. The other day I had a chat with him (writes a *Sketch* representative), when he explained to me



SANDOW.

Photo by Warwick Brookes, Manchester.

the scope of his new paper, *Physical Culture*, which appears to-day. The first number contains articles on rowing and cricket, and includes even such a form of athletics as skirt-dancing.

"My magazine," the modern Hercules announced, "will be quite novel. It will be devoted to the interests of physical culture in every shape and form, and will exist for the furtherance of my well-known ideal—the permanent raising of the physical standard of the race. My aim has never been to produce a few so-called 'strong men,' but many perfectly developed men."

"I assume, then, that the editorial contributions will be important?"

"One of the regular features of the magazine will be my articles dealing with the theory and practice of physical culture, treated exhaustively and in a scientific manner; not too technically, however, but so as to be clearly understood by the person who knows least of physiology and anatomy. The articles, indeed, will form a complete course of instruction in physical culture."

"Now, a word as to this wonderful competition of yours, Mr. Sandow?"

"Like *Physical Culture*, it will be absolutely unique. The prize goes to the man of most perfectly symmetrical development, not to the biggest man; big and little have an equal chance. There is no entrance-fee. The competitor must merely have bought six numbers of *Physical Culture*. A gold medal is offered for every county, silver and bronze for second and third places. Twelve centres have been chosen for county competitors. The winners of county gold medals will compete in London, publicly, before a great sculptor and an eminent sporting man as judges, myself as referee. The first prize is a gold statuette weighing twelve pounds and worth £500. The second, the same in silver, the third bronze."

"Am I right in supposing that the statue represents Sandow?"

"Preparing to pick up a bar-bell—yes. By the way, there are two points I wish made clear—we are not competing at all with the other popular sixpenny magazines (our price, by-the-bye, is sixpence), nor are we merely exploiting Sandow's system. We propose to issue a thoroughly interesting and readable magazine dealing in an entirely new way (the best way, we think) with every kind of sport and pastime, art or amusement, in its relation to the human body. To show our general range, the second number will contain an article on piano-playing and muscle by the one and only Paderewski."

## MR. JAMES MORTIMER AT THE "FIGARO."

Mr. James Mortimer is himself again, for he is once more seated in the editorial chair at the *Figaro*. He is a rather short, dumpy man, of sallow complexion, with a closely clipped grey moustache, firm mouth, black, bushy eyebrows, dark, piercing eyes, and white hair, who was born at Richmond, Virginia, a greater number of years ago than he cares to remember. Since the age of twenty he has been living in Europe—first as Attaché at the United States Legation, Paris, then as United States Vice-Consul at Civita Vecchia, afterwards as one of the Secretaries to the Legation of the same country at St. Petersburg. But long previously he had begun his career as journalist in Philadelphia, where he was editor and owner of a newspaper at seventeen. In the early 'fifties he made one of the staff of the *New York Evening Express*, and also filled the post of dramatic editor to the *New York Sunday Courier*.

Leaving the United States Diplomatic Service on the election of Mr. Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency, Mr. Mortimer resumed his

original profession, and, during a residence of many years in Paris, acted as correspondent to the *New York Times*, the *New York Herald*, and other American newspapers.

In the spring of 1870 he quitted the Gay City for London, where he founded the *Figaro*, and what Mr. Mortimer has to say in regard to that event in English journalism can be read in the first number of the reissue of the paper. It will suffice to add here that he had known Napoleon III. from the beginning of his residence in Paris, and first attracted his Majesty's attention through some sympathetic articles he contributed to the American Press. But it was not only as Transatlantic penman that he figured at this time; he also wrote for various Parisian sheets "the impressions of a Yankee concerning the Second Empire," and these essays assisted in no small measure to confirm the Emperor's friendship, which lasted until his death.

While Napoleon III. was a prisoner in Germany, Mr. Mortimer visited him thrice. On two occasions he was the bearer of messages from the Empress, then residing at Camden House, Chislehurst. After Sept. 4, when her Majesty fled from France, and came over in a yacht to Hastings, Mr. Mortimer received a telegram to visit her there, and it was entirely through his instrumentality that the Empress subsequently went to reside at Chislehurst as guest of Mr. N. W. I. Strodé, the owner of Camden House—"a personal friend of mine," says Mr. Mortimer, "who was kind enough to place his residence at her Majesty's disposal." The Emperor made him a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. He also holds two Spanish Orders, one Portuguese, one Italian, and one Austrian.

"With regard to the *Figaro*," he says, "my intention is to continue the paper on lines similar to those followed by me a quarter of a century ago, and, as the proof of the pudding is to be found in chewing the string of the bag, as they say in America, I shall leave the public to judge whether or not I carry out this programme. I am not quite so young as I was from 1870 to 1883, but I am glad to say my health is excellent at the present time, and I feel quite capable of fighting the battle over again. I am well aware that since I left the *Figaro* its chequered fortunes have been detrimental to its prosperity, but I hope to drag it from the slough of despond in which it has so long floundered and to re-establish it on the healthy basis of twenty-five years ago."

"You ask me if I am not a playwright as well as a journalist? Yes, indeed, I have produced in London between thirty and forty plays of various descriptions, from one act to five. Two or three of my short pieces have had phenomenal runs."

"My most recent work, 'Gloriana,' the title of which I have since altered to 'My Artful Valet,' was originally produced at the Globe six years ago under the management of Murray Carson, being revived a year or two back at Terry's Theatre, and, although I have hitherto communicated nothing on the subject to any of those gentlemen who are so bent on collecting items of theatrical news and gossip, I don't mind



MR. JAMES MORTIMER.

Photo by Morrison, Chicago.

telling you, though it must go no further than the readers of *The Sketch*, that Mr. Charles Hawtrey has accepted a three-act comedy of mine, which will be produced in due course at the Comedy Theatre."

Mr. Mortimer is well known as an expert chess-player, and is the author of "The Chess-player's Pocket-Book," which is a text-book in the chess-playing world.

EDWARD VIZETELLY.

MISS MABEL LOVE.

*Photographs by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.*





## WHAT GELETT BURGESS THINKS ABOUT LONDON.

It was a San Francisco editor who said to me that his idea of news was to have a lady in pink silk tights jump from the roof of the Palace Hotel. From such a point of view as this, London does certainly seem slow, and it typifies a good deal of American contumelious criticism. In San Francisco they do these things better, and the editor of a Sunday "Supplement," who purveys sensations to readers proud of the speed of that town, would make it his business to see that such things *did* happen, with which "stories" his sheets could be filled. But the Fleet Street manager is contented with mere facts; romance is not in his line.

The American excuses his unpaved streets and his wooden houses upon the ground of youth. If he is put to it for a vindication, he points to the wilderness reclaimed, and to building sites ravished from the sea, for these miracles have been wrought within the memory of man—metamorphoses so theatrical that the slower-going improvements of a nearly finished city seem insignificant in comparison. For the suburbs of every American city are builded with mysterious Improbabilities. What happens to-day throws no light upon what may happen to-morrow. There is an atmosphere of Change that softens all crudities and fills in defects with varying colours. There are continual dissolving views of Past and Future, but for the American there is no such thing as the Present.

We say, "We are crude yet, but we are improving; see what we have done in an hundred years!" So there is not only a pride but a stimulus to every good citizen in helping on the march of our geometrical progression. To be sure, there are many braggarts who swell the quotient of their pride by decreasing the denominator of experience rather than by increasing the numerator of achievement; but he has had his say with your lifts, your journalism, and your telephones, whose speed displeases him as the visible signs of British conservatism. To him, the first sight of a city solidly built of brick and stone is depressing to the imagination. His native land is guarded with promises, whose picturesque defences he can strengthen at a moment's notice with an easy boast; but here is a nation ready-made, and protected only by a few vulnerable facts, fair game for his abuse.

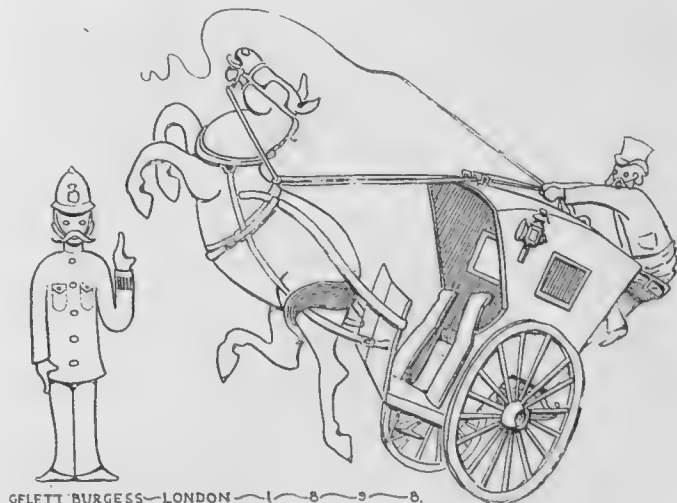
He sees a city anchored to a Bank, its traffic blocked by memorials and customs, its streets dominated by the authority of law. In any American city's streets he is used to tides of humanity, sweeping to the business district every morning, and flowing back out to the open spaces in the late afternoon. But, here, there are eddies innumerable,



HOW ST. MARY'S BLOCKS THE STRAND.

baffling, contradictory, incessant. They catch him in the Strand, and whirl him into the cool, green, quiet, ancient nooks of the Temple, where Goldsmith sleeps, hymned by the roar of the City. They man-handle him on Fleet Street, whirl him down Ludgate Hill, where he may swim, breathless, into grey St. Paul's and recover his sanity. Everywhere he is confronted with death-in-life; death, not because these monuments are unspeaking, but because they speak to ears that do not hear.

London seems to him slow, not because there is no motion, but because it spends its energy in no visible direction. He is used to the swiftly running river of progress bounding from cataract to rapid, but London's energy is that of the waves of the sea, breaking ineffectually upon the beaches of dead traditions. He objects to St. Mary's and St. Clement's blockading the roaring river of the Strand, for he knows what proportion of City men have ever seen the inside of either. In his



THE FINGER OF THE LAW.

own country he has his own memorials, but they are not necessarily landmarks, for he has taken Libby Prison apart, brick by brick, and set it up again, a thousand miles distant. So he would doubtless remove St. Paul's to Hyde Park, well out of the reach of City men. He marvels at the wonderful regulation of the traffic and the Shah's "blue kings," but he would achieve the same result more simply by widening the streets and removing standing hackneys from the centre of narrow Holborn.

But he accepts all this resistant force of law and order, and turns for inspiration to the Past. In the venerable Tower he finds only Americans; in the Abbey, only Americans or rural trippers from the North. The life of the town moves sluggishly in the stagnant Present. The American sees all this unintelligible action, blurred as in a London fog, and he longs for his native cyclone—anything to set the crowds all in one direction, for, to him, this incomprehensible scurrying of the London art-hill, and not his own enthusiastic haste, is the pace that kills.

## FROM A CHILD'S DIARY.

### EXTRACT I.

"A sunny morn, the first of May:  
Mam'selle was cross as cross could be!  
I didn't know my verbs, and so,  
When all the others went to play,  
Of course she wouldn't let me go.  
*J'ai, tu as, nous avons, j'aurais;*  
The tenses got all mix'd to-day!—  
I had a tiff with Fannie C."

### EXTRACT II.

"Tuesday, the 4th. Quite hot in school!  
The new Scotch girl is *very plain*;  
But, then, we guess'd she'd be a fright.  
The garden look'd so green and cool,  
I couldn't get my 'fractions' right—  
In 'work'-time twisted Katie's wool,  
And had to stand upon the stool. . . .  
But 'made it up' with Fan again."

'Tis very clear from what I've read,  
The writer had a candid mind;  
Was not abominably good,  
But somewhat of a "giddy-head,"  
Nor always of industrious mood  
As children mostly were ('tis said)  
Of those old days that long have fled,  
And left such wondrous tales behind!

Yet though her form I can't recall  
(Her days were pass'd ere mine began!).  
And though it matters little now  
Whether they "tiff'd" or lov'd at all,  
Those childish friends, nor when, nor how  
Each crush'd the pride that, like a wall,  
Seem'd waiting for the word to fall. . . .  
I'm glad she "made it up" with Fan!

LAURA G. ACKROYD.

## THE ART OF THE DAY.

Adam Lindsay Gordon's pathetic poem describing the Death of Burke—

He saw the sun go down in the sand,  
And he slept and never saw it rise—

pictorially represented by A. Louriére, is reproduced in these columns. The sentiment of the poem is a mingling of the manly and the pathetic, and this combination has been very successfully represented in this instance. The landscape is excellent in its simplicity and quietude, just

appeals directly to the vision—to yours and to mine. And in that respect her success is indubitable and praiseworthy. Few women artists of to-day can draw better than she; I can only remember one, Lady Butler, who, whatever may be said of her pictures from the purely artistic point of view, does not know what it is to draw feebly or impotently.

The Dutch Gallery is at the present moment very well worth a visit, containing as it does in large measure a not very numerous collection of foreign and English pictures by artists who, for the most part, have stepped across the border-line which separates reputation from fame. Corot, Daubigny, Fantin-Latour, Mauve, Ribot, and Monticelli are there represented, if not at their highest, at all events in moments of genius. A "Forest Scene" by Monticelli is somewhat of a surprise, beautiful though it is; it lacks that brilliance which distinguishes Monticelli's most characteristic work, but it possesses, by way of compensation, a far more orderly and coherent sense of landscape than this painter often showed. On the other hand, his "Evening Effect" is far nearer to the heart of real beauty. Its colour is lovely, and, if it be all nothing but a painter's fantasy, it is no less engrossing for that.

At the Continental Gallery a set of political cartoons by Mr. F. Carruthers Gould is on exhibition. Mr. Gould, otherwise known as "F. C. G.," has, of course, long been famous for this work as it appears day by day in the columns of the *Westminster*. The ideas are often—indeed, for the most part—exceedingly felicitous, and the intention no less so. But it is not easy to work up a sentiment of whole-hearted admiration for his curious manner of drawing. His line is peculiarly hard, and he is lacking in delicacy, particularly in that most difficult accomplishment, the drawing of the human hand. The result is that, after a time, his drawings begin to grow exceedingly monotonous, even to the point of boredom. Still, it would be absurd to deny the wit, the high spirits, and the resourcefulness of invention which has produced, under pressure of so insistent a haste,

so large and important a record of modern political life, from the caricaturist's point of view.

An exhibition to be opened at Amsterdam at the beginning of September should have attraction enough to bring together art lovers from all parts of the world. It is to consist of the works of Rembrandt. Many noted collectors in this country will contribute, among them the Queen, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Westminster, Lords Spencer, Derby, Wantage, and Northbrook, Mr. Ionides, and Mr. Heseltine.



A SPANISH TOWN.—W. Y. MACGREGOR.

space beyond space stretching to where "the sun goes down in the sand." The group of the two men is well imagined also.

The distinctive characteristics of purely native towns—towns, that is, which owe nothing whatever to the introduction of any foreign element whatever—are among the most picturesque and interesting features of Southern Europe. In Italy one recalls the summits of hills crowned with solid little towns, compact and wonderfully lofty and slender, towns like Subiaco, for example, or Orvieto. In Spain you have a different quality, but one no less unique and distinctive. That somewhat more straggling aspect of the hillside towns of Spain has been admirably caught by Mr. W. Y. Macgregor in his "Spanish Town," also here reproduced. Here you do not get, as you do in Italy, the idea of a slim hill crowned on its summit as a brow is crowned with a coronet; but it is none the less beautiful and characteristic. There is always something essentially beautiful about purely local and picturesque associations; and Mr. Macgregor has appreciated and largely realised the feeling of that essential beauty.

Those to whom a record of modern London is of interest would do well to visit Miss Rosa Barton's water-colour drawings at Clifford's Gallery. There are, of course, many ways of presenting London through an artistic medium. You may state the facts of London to the ordinary everyday observer of the streets; or, with Mr. Whistler, you may wait for the mists to grow upon the river and for the twilight to come and make strange secrets for you; or, like Mr. Pennell, you may find architectural beauty and surprise from a chosen point of vantage. Miss Barton, who draws admirably, prefers the first of these methods. It is not, perhaps, the most artistic, but, at all events, the result is eminently satisfactory. The river and its bridges, the monuments and the parks, all come within the purview of this painstaking and clever artist, and she gives one the impression that her knowledge is always to be depended upon, just as her drawing is always complete and finished. Her ambition is to give you the story of London as it



DEATH OF BURKE.—A. LOURIÉRE.

The Death of Burke as told by Adam Lindsay Gordon in the lines—  
With the pistol clenched in his falling hand,  
With the death mist spread o'er his fading eyes,  
He saw the sun go down in the sand,  
And he slept and never saw it rise.



## THE HOME OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S FOREFATHERS.

*Photographs by Welch, Belfast.*

CONAGHER, DERVOCK, ANTRIM, THE OLD HOME OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S FAMILY.

*Life is full of little ironies. Thus the year 1898 sees Mr. McKinley, as the official head of the United States, not averse to an alliance with England. In the year 1798 the President's grand-uncle was executed at Coleraine as an enemy of England. The McKinley family flourished on a farm at Conagher, in Antrim. They had retained enough of their Scottish origin to remain Presbyterians; while one of them, Francis, became so pro-Irish as to join the*



CONAGHER, DERVOCK, ANTRIM, THE OLD HOME OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S FAMILY.

## THE HOME OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S FOREFATHERS.

*Photographs by Welch, Belfast.*

THE BURYING-PLACE OF THE MCKINLEYS OF CONAGHER, AT DERVOCK, ANTRIM.

*Rebellion of 1798. He was hanged for his trouble, and buried at Derrykeighan, where you may still read his life-story on a gravestone. The veteran had two sons and five daughters. One of the former went to America to join his uncle, William, who was the father of the present President. His brother sold the paternal farm in 1838, and also went to the Land of the Free.*



THE SPOT AT COLERAINE WHERE MCKINLEY AND OTHER REBELS WERE HANGED.



## SOME JAPANESE HORSES.

*Photographs by Shelley.*

There is one blessed thing about a collection of Japanese prints: they hang upon your walls for week after week without obtruding themselves upon your attention in the smallest degree. You are merely conscious of being surrounded with an array of pleasing colour. But there comes

a time when you are idle, and look at them more closely, for the simple reason that any definite occupation would bore you. Then you are almost certain to discover in them some interesting bit of detail that has escaped you hitherto. It was only the other day, for example, that the present writer realised that he had on his walls or in his portfolio some eight or ten representations of the horse by Japanese artists, and the mood of indolence which made the discovery a momentous one prompted him to comparisons which seemed not without interest at the time.

Of course, the Japanese artist had every excuse for not knowing much about this particular animal. He lived in a country where the cost of existence was small, and there was always plenty of time. He might be a man of genius, universally famous, but his price for a drawing in colours would amount to only about five shillings. Naturally enough, men, being so cheap, did all sorts of work that is not done by human agencies in Western lands, and amongst other things they took the place of the cab-horse of civilisation. Generations of travellers have taught us to think of the jinriksha as the only proper vehicle to use when one is in Japan. It is "a vehicle some-



A HORSE BY HIROSHIGÉ II.

wa resembling a small hansom-cab, only with a hood that shuts back. It is lightly built, has two somewhat large wheels, and slender shafts united by a tie-piece near their extremities. It is drawn by a man who gets between the shafts, and most ably acts the part of the best of ponies; or sometimes by two, or even three men. In the latter case the tandem principle is adopted, and the leaders are attached to the vehicle by thin ropes." One is accustomed also to such eulogies as this upon the cheerfulness and powers of endurance of the men who do this work: "Our men gallop on, but while to me the work of pulling us up the long incline seems killing, the men are yet as jocular as schoolboys, and with occasional cheery shouts run as though they could never tire." This sort of thing being possible, it is not remarkable that Japan did not import many horses, and, as the animal was not a native of the country, the artists had excuses. But it is none the less remarkable to contemplate the things they produced when they meant to draw horses.

The most beautiful of all the prints under consideration is by Kikugawa Yeizan, an artist of infinite industry whose reputation is at present not so high as it should be. A lady, clad in the palest pink, is riding, accompanied by two girls in robes of the same colour. In the background is the sacred mountain, Fuji-yama. The horse is black, with pale-pink trappings, and the whole treatment of it is like that which was conventional in Assyria. The mane is stiffened, and seems to consist of single hairs upstanding and topped with little globular masses. In this print, by-the-by, is used

a method often adopted in order to give additional richness to the draperies. When the print has been made, an additional block is used without being inked, and a pattern is raised on the paper, to give the idea of brocade.

By a curious coincidence, most of the eight or ten prints in question contain views of Fuji-yama. The exquisite beauty of that mountain has been described by travellers without number. It dominates the poetry and the art of Japan, and is so greatly loved and venerated that those who do not live within sight of it are wont to have a model of it in their gardens. Another astonishing horse is that in a tall, upright picture by Hiroshigé, the second of that name. The artist has been careful to confuse the eye by giving the animal endless trappings and disposing a couple of figures so as to hide much of the outline. He has drawn a white horse, spotted with black circles, and endowed with blue hoofs. And yet he has evidently seen and studied the ways of his original, for the action of the forelegs and the pose of the neck are lifelike to the last degree. The rider of the horse, evidently a person of importance, is a poet concerning whom it is recorded that he was never happy unless he was within sight of Fuji-yama. Of course, the mountain is in the picture, its white peak towering in the background to a blue sky.

Fuji-yama comes in also in a print which bears the signature of Shuncho. The subject is very much the same as that of the print by Yeizan which has already been described, but the treatment is altogether different. One does not dare to criticise the disposition of the legs, for they are arranged in one of those absurd ways which seem incredible in a picture, and are, therefore, likely to be shown by the aid of instantaneous photography to be just exactly the ways in which the limbs of animals in motion do manage to get themselves disposed. And, after all, does a horse which is walking in the most leisurely manner that can be imagined ever get three feet off the ground at the same time? One is cautious, remembering what awful eccentricities the photographer may at any moment prove to be habitual.

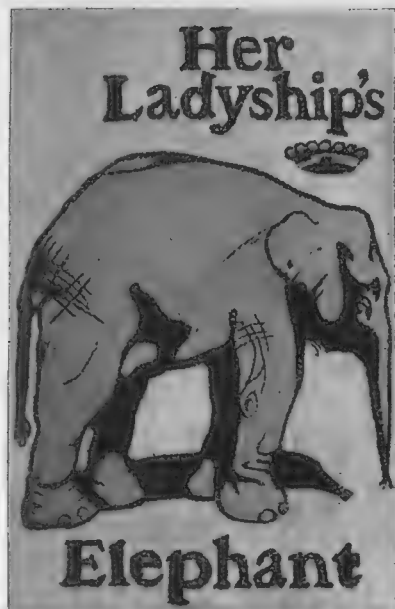
The last example that seems worth mentioning is perhaps the weirdest of the lot. The artist is Shunman, and the horse is being ridden through the greenest of countrysides by a lady who has the usual two attendants. There are two curious panniers, made of wooden bars—as if by the joining together of four towel-horses—and in each of these is a very charming child. The road is downhill, but the horse's head droops to a point considerably lower than its knees, and its whole air is one of absolute dejection. Its colour is a sort of nameless grey, its eyes are blue, its legs impossibly attenuated, its ears the ears of any animal but a horse. The print itself is delightful to look at from a distance, but its



A HORSE BY KIKUGAWA YEIZAN.

owner is not so fond of it as he used to be, since the day when he made a study of the horse. It is a depressing spectacle, if one is in the mood to let oneself be depressed, and one is rather inclined to announce to the world at large that anyone who covets a very fine specimen of Shunman, once in the collection of Captain Brinkley, can be accommodated with a most undeniable bargain.

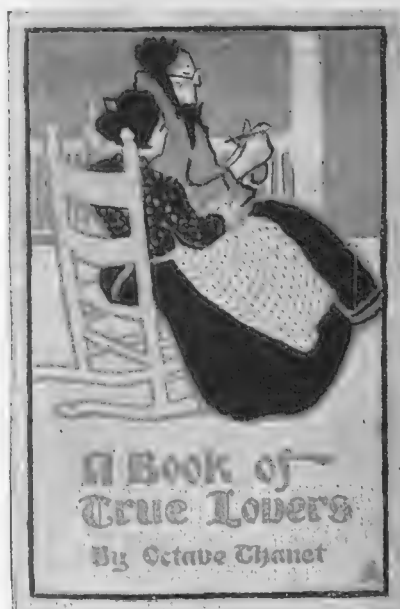
## THE MODERN ART OF BOOK-COVERS



PUBLISHED BY HEINEMANN.

which is only half-shown in black-and-white, for the colours of the original lend an additional charm to the mere fantasy of line. And now for the inside of the books, which, after all, is the most important thing.

Nicholas Nickleby had an easier task set him when ordered to write a play for the sole purpose of the introduction into it of Mr. Crummles' latest bargain—a second-hand pump—than Mr. Wells set himself when he undertook to write a story founded upon the fact of a derelict elephant sitting down to breakfast in an English country-house. Upon this hint he has written in "Her Ladyship's Elephant" (Heinemann) an irresistibly farcical story, and written it with such matter-of-fact plausibility that you swallow, not the elephant only, but the exchange on the wedding-day of brides by two bridegrooms through a shuffle of South-Western expresses. As the bridegroom in one case and in the other the bride had kept secret from their partners their respective destinations, the difficulty and delicacy of the situation may be imagined. It is not, however, so easy to imagine the genuine and admirable fun Mr. Wells has contrived to get out of the wanderings through the country of two brides, two bridegrooms, and an elephant in search of their respective owners. This comedy of errors—which, by the way, is written in perfect taste—should be dramatised to take at the flood the tide running in favour of three-act farces.



PUBLISHED BY WAY AND WILLIAMS.

We have arrived once more at that point in the cycle of art in which the theory and practice of the book-cover has again become beautiful. When you look at a book-cover of five or six centuries ago, you cannot escape from the thought that, in many ways, we of to-day have a great deal to learn from the past. At the recent exhibit of manuscripts from Lord Crawford's library at the Grafton Galleries, one saw marvellous samples of ornate bookbinding, valued to-day at many hundreds of pounds, and the old bookbinders have a great deal to teach us. In point of cloth bindings, however, we have made enormous progress, as the designs reproduced on this page show you. It is all part of the advance in *formal* which we enjoy. Each one has a character of its own

preface—a preface, by the way, which is best reserved till the last page of the text is mastered. Then you can easier understand its "precious" epitome of the really charming stories of lovers, wedded, for the most part, whose love was "of an assured faithfulness," although at times, owing to stress of circumstance, it seemed otherwise. The book is very dainty, and the cover, which I reproduce here, shows Mrs. Swift and Mrs. Dagget watching the funeral of their neighbour go by. The tale that hangs thereby you shall read with a smile, and perhaps something else, in "The Judgment on Mrs. Swift."

A very striking book-cover is that of the American edition of "The Romance of Zion Chapel," a copy of which Mr. Le Gallienne sends me from New York, with a dainty inscription. This cover is, I believe, the last piece of work of the late



PUBLISHED BY GAY AND BIRD.

Aubrey Beardsley, and, in any case, Mr. John Lane, who publishes both editions, will not mind me saying how much more I like the American edition than the English one. The story itself has already been reviewed in these columns.

Mr. Richard Marsh's "Tom Ossington's Ghost" (James Bowden) seems to be rather an avatar of the mediæval devil than an honest nineteenth-century spirit of a departed saint. Tom in the flesh was much more saintly than most saints of the calendar in his divine endurance and forgiveness of his abandoned and abominable wife and of his treacherous friend. Disembodied, however, he plays upon each of them the precise tricks that the mediæval devil invariably played upon his dupes—juggling fiends

That palter with us in a double sense:  
That keep the word of promise to the ear  
And break it to the hope.

By the bait of the promise of a secret treasure, he lures his treacherous friend into a jail and his faithless wife into her grave, while the treasure itself goes to strangers with whom Tom in the flesh had no acquaintance. It is with these that we have most to do—a rather austere young music-teacher, her friend and chum; and their respective lovers. They stumble upon a cryptographic

guide to the treasure, and, with the involuntary help of the ghost's widow and his friend (goaded by the vindictive spirit), secure it and live happily ever after. "Tom Ossington's Ghost" opens with a singularly dramatic and exciting situation, and the interest thus at once aroused is sustained steadily to the close.

In conclusion, let it be said that most of these books are very well printed. There is a certain pretentiousness in the imitations of hand-made paper which might very well be abandoned, because it is not pretty, and it hardly can impose on anybody. But the covers are all good in their several ways, ranging from the obvious of to-day to the fantastic of to-morrow; and, as matters stand, we are only at the beginnings of the modern art of the book-cover, which will in the future engage the attention of all the younger decorative artists, while the mere material will improve.



THE LAST COVER DESIGNED BY THE LATE AUBREY BEARDSLEY.



PUBLISHED BY JAMES BOWDEN.

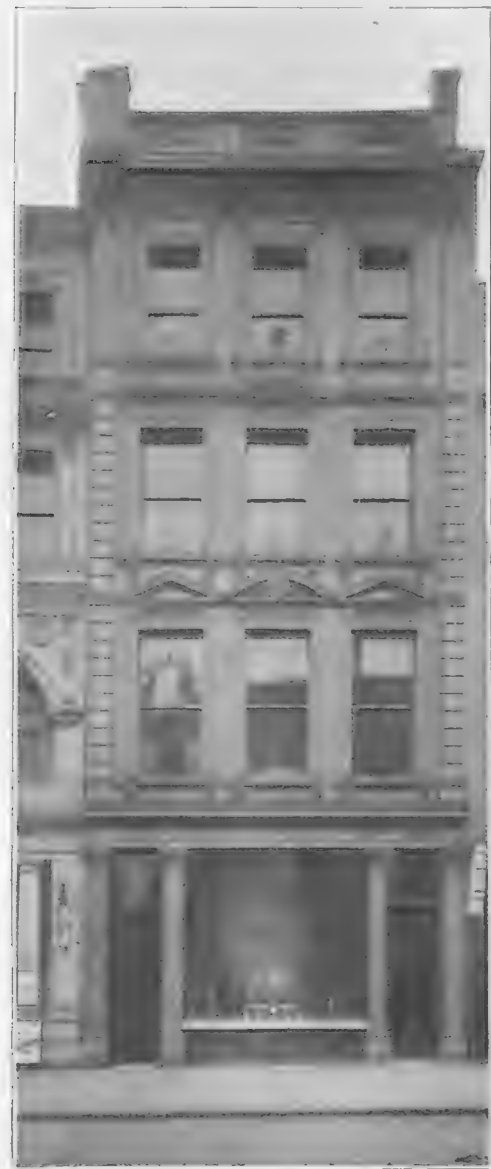


## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## A NOVEL ABOUT NELSON.\*

It is almost pathetic to contemplate the pains which Mr. Sladen has taken to present us in his romance the true Nelson, and no other. Where most novelists have relied on their fancy, he has relied on research. It is easy to imagine a hero: the author of "The Admiral"

has thrust aside all plausible promptings in his ruthless fidelity to historical fact. He has "crammed" Captain Mahan, Professor Laughton, and Sir Harris Nicolas. He has, on every possible occasion, used the actual words of Nelson as recorded in his and other people's diaries. He has rummaged deskfuls of unpublished Nelsoniana in order that his portrait may lack no point of verisimilitude. He has personally explored Naples and Sicily, where the scenes of the story are laid. He has interviewed Nelson's relatives and various Italian antiquarians. He has inspected the Hamiltons' palace and the Castle of the Favara: even the Nelsonian Supplement to the *Daily Mail* has been laid under contribution. When he writes of a visit to Pompeii, he quotes "largely from an account of a visit to Pompeii written in 1802." Captain Trinder, who is supposed to narrate the story, delivers himself in a style "founded upon unpublished journals and letters of the time in the possession of my (Mr. Sladen's) father." And when this same Captain has occasion to use the phrase, it is always "I have wrote,"



NELSON LIVED HERE: 147, NEW BOND STREET.

Photo by Bolas, Oxford Street, W.

instead of "I have written," because, says our conscientious biographer, it was "probably idiomatic at the time."

What is the result of all this labour and research? It is sad to have to confess that it is not quite proportionate to the immense trouble which Mr. Sladen has taken. That his aim has been achieved in so far as giving us a faithful version of Nelson is concerned we need not doubt; but the accuracy is more the minute and slavish accuracy of the photograph than the broad and truer fidelity of the portrait. There is no gainsaying it, life as a whole is not dramatic. Even Nelson's life—which had unrivalled opportunities—was only dramatic now and again. His death was magnificent; his association with Lady Hamilton was of a kind which modern novelists delight to portray; the Battle of the Nile was a thrilling affair; and the adventure with a gang of cut-throats in the Castle of the Favara was as breathless a piece of business as even a "Penny Dreadful" could desire. But the rest! Nelson, we are informed in the Preface, was one of the most astute politicians of his day. Politics are dull enough at any time, but Neapolitan politics of the year 1798! Clandestine love-affairs have an interest at times of crisis and stress; but the intrigue with Lady Hamilton, as set forth in Mr. Sladen's merciless detail, loses its romance in the commonplace hue of the Divorce Court. Even in Nelson's fleet, Mr. Sladen is plain-spoken enough to tell us, it was something of a by-word. It is true we have a perpetual chorus of adulation of Lady Hamilton kept up by the Narrator, but the reader cannot long share his enthusiasm. The fact of Nelson's love may be romantic; the facts of it are not.

The truth is, of course, that Mr. Sladen has confused the functions of the novelist and the biographer. We do not want a novel about Nelson any more than we want a biography of Colonel Newcome. Full justice must, however, be done to Mr. Sladen for his presentment of what we may presume to have been the real Nelson, the man with, perhaps, more than any other Englishman, the peculiarly English faculty of rising to occasions. A hero in battle, he was in peace ailing, despondent, and somewhat fretful. Though we have a fine description of the Battle of the Nile, "The Admiral" is more concerned with the hero's amours than with his victories. The growth and crisis of his intimacy with Lady Hamilton are traced with a faithfulness and elaboration which, if rather irksome to the novel-reader, should render "The Admiral" a not inconsiderable addition to the library of Nelson literature. It is inevitable that, taking as he does a mere arbitrary section of Nelson's life, Mr. Sladen should fail to give us a novel either coherent or well proportioned.

The subsidiary characters, indeed, are of the unobtrusive type which one expects to find in the company of a "star" actor. Nelson himself, whom we first meet going into battle, we take leave of in a feeble adventure with a corpse. The body of Caracciolo, whom Nelson had shortly before hanged as a traitor, suddenly reappears in the water in front of the Admiral's ship. There is panic among the Neapolitans at the omen, and Nelson had to be fetched—

He was so ill that he could hardly walk, and I was in a cold sweat as to what would happen. I handed him my glass to look at that upon which all eyes were rivetted, and to my joy I saw the blood and animation rush back to his face, and that curious smile spread over it that was there as we rode into the Nile.

"What, he—that scoundrel?" he cried. "Mr. Trinder, ask the captain to have her unmoored, and to hoist sail and head the ship for him. We'll soon put him right." . . .

How great a man I felt the Admiral to be at that moment! as great as I felt him when we were running into the Nile and Trafalgar, with the French blazing away at us. . . .

Is not that a rather sorry farewell to our typical hero? But, as I have said, it is the fault of life, not of Mr. Sladen. He is to be



NELSON MONUMENT AT YARMOUTH.

Photo by Poulton, Lec.

commiserated on his choice for a novel of such tough and unattractive material; he is to be congratulated on an interesting and painstaking historical study.

R. B.

\* "The Admiral: A Romance of Nelson in the Year of the Nile." By Douglas Sladen. London: Hutchinson and Co.

## THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



"Do you understand the game, Mrs. Fitz?"

"Oh yes, dear! You see, when George hit the ball to Harry, it was deuce; and just now, when Harry missed it, it was daun."



## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

There is no very wide interest in experiments in fiction. The public like the finished, successful article, and are quite indifferent to the motive being far above the commonplace if, in the end, the book fails to amuse them. "Vaussore" (Methuen) would certainly fail to amuse a very large number. It is not an absolute success, and, even if it were, it is something of a student's novel. But to the notice of a scattered few I recommend it. Mr. Francis Brune calls himself its editor, and presents the book as the Journal of a son of Rousseau, sent to England as a child and brought up there. As he has written the thing, it is a plausible fiction. Mr. Brune must be a devoted student of the "Confessions." The father's temperament he understands perfectly, and his purpose in "Vaussore" has been to reproduce that temperament when it has been modified by an austere English education and a more tranquil life. Nothing very austere or tranquil could come from such a stock, of course; nothing very English. The interest lies not in an imitation of the "Confessions," but in the father's traits reappearing in the son, who does not know his origin and who has been subjected to entirely different influences. Complete success is out of the question. Written in the style which the theme demands, and yet not written by Rousseau, the book was bound to be too long. I have skipped some chapters, and I think most readers will do the same. "Vaussore" is exceedingly clever, but not amusing. It is only a student's novel. Yet there is an indisputable place for it among the books of the day.

The lady who signs herself "M. E. Francis," and who is Mrs. Francis Blundell, is strangely unequal in the work she produces. There is one book of hers, "In a North Country Village," which is almost in the front rank. And now and again she descends to mere amiable commonplace. In her latest story, "Miss Erin" (Methuen), she hovers between her two qualities. There are excellent portraits and passages in the first part, and afterwards it dwindles off into very ordinary stuff indeed. But the girlhood of the heroine, who dreams of being the deliverer of her country, the Jeanne d'Arc of Ireland, is told with delightful freshness and truth to nature; and there is a sketch of poor Irish family life nearly worthy to be Miss Barlow's.

Lawyers are credited with exhausting all their wit in the courts, and have the reputation of being dull dogs when they have not a witness to bully or a colleague to exchange repartees with. But let not the title of Mr. Francis Watt's book, "The Law's Lumber-Room" (Lane), scare anyone away who is a lover of human nature in its knottier and grotesquer shapes. This is the second series of papers he has published under the same name. The first series has won much praise, but these essays in the newer book are likely to be still more popular. The obscurer paths of past history and social life he has threaded with old legal chronicles for his guides. It is not an amiable picture of society that is brought to light. Mr. Watt thinks folks yawned a good deal less, but the grimy excitement of Tyburn executions, Fleet marriages, and pillory exposures is not tempting. Only in his chapter on "The Border Law" do we get into a cleaner air, and it is no fiercer for all the raiding and harrying. The rest tests your affection for mankind to the utmost. But, in spite of the savagery, the licentiousness, that cluster round old jails and pillories and witch-trials, Mr. Watt has written nothing morbid. He is a student of manners, something of a wit, and writes with excellent and competent brevity. There are admirable portraits in his essays of old functionaries vanished for ever, Newgate Ordinaries, Fleet parsons, "priests" of Gretna Green, and many quaint stories and sketches of human nature when it was cut by a very different pattern from that to which it is bound to-day.

Sir William Stokes, Surgeon-in-Ordinary to the Queen in Ireland, has written a Life of his father, the great doctor and well-known antiquarian, for Mr. Unwin's "Masters of Medicine" Series. It is not a well-written Life, which is regrettable, as Stokes the elder would have made a fine subject for a short, brilliant memoir. His scientific achievements, his numerous interests, his high character, his courtly demeanour, and his unusual talents as a conversationalist, mark him out as worth a more finished, more condensed biography than we find this filial act of homage to be. But it provides a mass of good material, nevertheless, and some excellent stories. Stokes's politics were not of the popular colour, and when James Stephens, the Fenian agitator, escaped from Kilmainham, he was probably sorry. Just then he had a most urgent call to a patient in the country in the middle of the night. On the return journey he and his companion seriously lost their way, but the peasants roused by them refused to help, till an ingenious friend of Stokes whispered to one that the name of the very important man whom they had the chance of guiding began with S. Then there was stir indeed. They were conducted for five miles on the road, and their money was rejected in the name of Holy Ireland. Yet it was well known there was a reward of £2000 offered by Government for the apprehension of Stephens at that moment.

It may be remembered by some that Stokes was the last friend of poor Clarence Mangan. The poet had been lost sight of for long, when the great doctor, on his rounds in Meath Hospital, discovered him in a miserable creature seeking admission. "You are the first who has spoken a kind word to me for many years," said Mangan. Stokes did everything possible for him, but he died in a few days. It was the doctor who, struck by the beauty of the poet after death, hurried off to Sir Richard Burton, and asked him to make a sketch of the head. That sketch is now in the Irish National Gallery. o. o.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The weary war drags on, between Jonathan the Unready and Quixote the Never-ready, and petty little detachments of men fight unimportant skirmishes, and improvised cruisers shell improvised earthworks into sand-pits, and there is very little more to the conflict than before the United States chipped in. The Spanish fleet is more or less penned in a harbour, instead of cruising uselessly about in vain attempts to stop filibusters; a few American marines have landed and fought creditably, and other troops are supposed to be coming somewhere. Perhaps before these lines are printed a fight of some importance will have been fought, and the bottom will have dropped out of the war. But at present it looks like lasting.

The fact is that the United States, lavish of money, want to be sparing of men. At present the loss of American life has been singularly, almost ridiculously, small, owing to their caution and the bad shooting of the Spaniards. Long bowls are a game that Yankee sailors understand to perfection, as British ships found to their cost in the war of 1812. But when the army lands, and jungle-fighting begins, losses must be equalised, or rather, the attacking force will lose most heavily; and then, too, will come yellow fever, giving the half-acclimatised Spaniard the advantage. There is ample excuse for delaying the decisive stroke, and some justification for hanging on in the hope that Spain will yield or lose her nerve and go to pieces. But Spaniards have a terrible power of passive endurance. Spanish armies might be driven like smoke before the French in the field, but Napoleon's marshals had good reason to remember many Spanish towns.

As a matter of fact, the present conflict is proceeding at a fair pace for mediæval warfare, but modern spectators have been spoiled for slow wars. They want something to happen soon, and only one event of any importance has happened. They would like to see something like those expeditions at the end of the Seven Years' War, which picked up Havana and Manila so neatly that England hardly realised they were taken, and let them slip again. A small body of picked men did the business under Drake and the buccaneers, and will again, if employed. The present operations seem designed on a scale to enable the combatants to qualify for pensions, and plenty of them. Large forces are employed to do very little fighting, and the war will probably be over before the bulk of them have done any serious work.

But if we are to have the much-talked-about Anglo-Saxon Alliance, the present futile war must be taken seriously to heart by America chiefly, and next by England. We see a State, enormously superior in wealth, numbers, intelligence, and capacity for discipline to its courageous but ineffective antagonist, totally unable to strike a decisive blow from sheer lack of preparation, and the democratic tendency to trust in "the people" and let the rest slide. Should we be much better off against France and Russia in a big conflict? To be sure, France has a knack of going wrong in naval matters, and Russia is always slow; but should we, at the outset of such a war, be able to strike a series of swift, telling blows at the colonies and fleets of our enemies, or should we go blockading about in a futile manner like the Allied fleets in the Crimean War? Would a serious attempt be made to clean out Cherbourg and seize Ushant, say, within twenty-four hours of a declaration of war? Would expeditions be organised in a week at Bombay and Calcutta to sail for Madagascar and Saigon? Would ten thousand men be going Westward over the Canadian Pacific Railway to join the Japanese off Port Arthur and Vladivostok? If not, we should have sacrificed our great advantage in being more practised in keeping the sea with fleets than our probable rivals.

In matters that concern the life of a nation, it will not do to be contented with any but the very best to be got. Germany, staggering under her armaments, will yet cheerfully spare the money to equip her vast army with new quick-firing cannon; we, with a far smaller army and greater wealth, hesitate even to replace the obsolete muzzle-loaders in our older ironclads. We potter and tinker about trying to get a few more battalions by spending a million or so more; abroad, we see one State creating a couple of new corps, and another adding a fourth battalion to every regiment, with less discussion than we give to the punishment of some insubordinate hobbledoy.

And if we are bad enough in our realisation of modern necessities, our American cousins and probable allies are worse. Suppose that France and Russia were to go to war with England over the Chinese question, and the United States wished to help us, what could they do for us? Their fleet might be of some assistance, but it would mostly be needed to protect their own coasts; their lack of cruisers would prevent them from protecting the corn supply. Money and untrained men and popular enthusiasm they could furnish, but we should have more of these than we knew what to do with already. An Anglo-American alliance may be impressive from its size, but it will not frighten any modern State unless it is organised to fight.

One big Gaul or German could probably have strangled two or three of the small, wiry Italians of Cæsar's Tenth Legion; but with sword and shield, in the field or the camp, each legionary was worth half-a-dozen Gauls or Germans. They were born fighters; but he was a trained soldier.

MARMITON.



*I first encounter him on his way home from school. We exchange glances.*



*My first introduction is quite informal, and of my own making—Not so the second.*



*He calls on me and we behave in a way that our parents do not approve of at all.*



*So he is chased away, and I am left in solitude to bemoan his loss. P.S.—I am thankful to say that I have now quite recovered from the shock*



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## THE STAFF OF THE "UNIVERSE."

BY JAMES MACMANUS ("MAC").

Pat Moroney was the Editor: the Staff was Denis Reid.

It happened in the troublous days of the Land League, when editors had ever to be prepared, knowing not when, like a thief in the night, the arm of Coercion would come upon them, lifting them from out the editorial chair and thrusting them into a dungeon.

Dhrimstevlin was a troubled place in those troublous days, and the Dhrimstevlin *Universe*, coming out every Friday morning smelling of powder, sold like hot cakes. For a fearless man occupied the editorial chair, and alike the spineless one, the backslider, and the landgrabber wriggled weekly on the point of his pen, to the nervous horror of the few and the exultant admiration of the many. Pat Moroney made the *Universe* and the Dhrimstevlin world ring with his thundering denunciations of the mean man, the dishonest, and the unpatriotic one, and not even the biggest of your big London dailies ever sounded the tocsin in the hour of alarm as loudly, as peremptorily, as did the *Universe*, nor was any of them ever so gladly, so promptly, so unquestioningly obeyed; and, certes, none of your editors ever received a tithe of the idolatrous worship which—barring an uncertain weekly turnover of from twenty-five to thirty shillings—was the gratifying reward of Pat Moroney's sterling services to his country.

Pat always referred to his chief (and only) reporter, Denis, as "the Staff." The Staff luxuriated on an income of thirteen-and-sixpence per week, and had a genius for drinking. Its normal state was half-drunken; but whenever there was a special rush of work on, such as might be caused by the sudden descent of the Bearded Lady on Dhrimstevlin, or the birth of a five-legged calf in the Aughermore parish, or the rumour of Neil Managhan having dug full-grown tubers while yet it was June, Pat, to his intense vexation, was sure to find the Staff gloriously drunk and incapable, so that, with the undelivered half of an eloquent leader still surging in his soul, Pat had to throw on his going-out coat and rush for "copy." And poor Pat's only consolation was that Denis provided him with a few capital jokes, which never seemed to grow old: "Yes," poor Pat would say, when sympathised with in his affliction, "my Staff is a broken Reid." Pat considerably gave you time to laugh off the effects of this one before he overwhelmed you with the next: "Denis was *broke* when he came to me, and he has remained *broke* ever since, though I have done my seventy endeavours with him to try *splicin'*, an' see if that wouldn't mend him." Though, if Denis was by on such occasion, he was wont to insinuate the retort witty: "I believe it's the slenderness of my salary that's the cause of my downfall; if I had a stouter one to lean against, I could manage to keep straight." If Denis had vouchsafed a laugh to his editor's joke, the editor, in turn, graciously acknowledged that of the Staff. He often told the Staff that he'd dismiss him, only said Staff was so much in his debt that he couldn't afford it. And, to make his tenure still more secure, Denis lost no opportunity of getting deeper into his editor's books. But a stronger objection (in Pat's eye, though he never told it) to the dismissal of the Staff was, that a joke which had cost much laborious effort to perfect would thenceforth remain with him a white elephant.

Now Denis had been a long time drinking on the *Universe*. (This, by the way, was Pat's third and last, and I think best, good joke at the Staff's expense. The coming of Denis was the epoch from which Pat dated and antedated all other less important events. "I say, Reid," Pat would say, when he was trying to place some event of modern Irish history, "when's this you commenced dhrinkin' on the *Universe*?") Denis, we said, had now been a long time drinking on the *Universe*, and his life was gradually acquiring a fabulous value (from a lender's point of view) to his editor, when that tide of which the poet wrote long time ago, suddenly seemed to set in in the affairs of Denis, and Denis, prompt to act on the poet's advice, seized it, ardently expectant that he would ride on top of it to fortune.

'Twas thus. For some article more fierce and fiery than usual, which her Majesty's Privy Council deemed highly dangerous to the peace of the realm and Dhrimstevlin, Pat Moroney was suddenly pounced upon by a gang of policemen and hurriedly conveyed to the security of the jail, the gate of which was, not an instant too soon, slammed in the face of hastily trooping, enraged townsmen. Finding, then, that Dhrimstevlin's esteem of the gallant Pat could not be shown in any more self-satisfying manner, before night fell a fund had, on the suggestion of Rody Cooney, been started, and £50 already subscribed by enthusiastic fellow-citizens—with every likelihood of its reaching double that amount before a week's time—as a testimonial to be presented to Pat when the heavy gates would, some months hence, swing back to give him to the world and his worshippers again. And the whole Dhrimstevlin world organised itself into a Committee to receive Pat on his release, present him with the testimonial, and give him such a welcome as would at once warm poor Pat's heart and make the Government of the day shake in its shoes. And hereupon a glorious prospect arose before the eyes of the Staff. Denis was now, and whilst his editor remained in confinement, the Atlas who must bear upon his shoulders the responsibility of a *Universe*. For too long he had, somehow or other, been considered

rather a nonentity in the political life of Dhrimstevlin, his talents and his services overshadowed, and his personality swallowed up, by the looming figure of his chief. And now, Denis bethought him, it would be a very tempting of Providence if he allowed to escape him such a magnificent opportunity of compelling the Land Leaguers of Dhrimstevlin to appraise him at his proper value—the which was shortly and simply to be accomplished by a few leading articles that would make the British Constitution totter to its foundation—speedily earning for their writer the admiration of Dhrimstevlin, jail, a demonstration on his emerging again, and—principal thing—a testimonial! A couple of months' hack-work on the *Universe* wouldn't mean, at the utmost, more than half-a-dozen beggarly pounds, with his chances, of course, at the pub.; whereas a couple of months such ease in prison as he sorely needed to recuperate nerves that had been suffering from overstrain in days when a man didn't know what minute he would be required to pronounce upon the momentous question whether he'd have his hot or with soda, would fetch him of a certainty tenfold that amount, probably even more—not to mention the prospect of public (house) privileges his increase in popularity would place at his disposal. It was, in fact, the opportunity of his life, and Denis determined that it should not be wasted. The clang of the jail-gates behind his chief had scarcely ceased resounding when a *Universe* Special was falling like snow-flakes upon the excited citizens of Dhrimstevlin, and, within the limits of its fourteen square inches, they had dished up to them more sedition than would serve to hang half a county. When the Special had been showered upon the startled public, the Staff composed itself, with the aid of a noggin of whisky, to await the coming of the authorities with the handcuffs. But, though he waited long, no more tyrannical authority appeared than old Maura McCauley (who had nineteen shillings a-year for tidying things), who peremptorily ordered Denis to take down his feet off the mantel-piece or she'd make smithereens of him with the tongs—an order which he didn't pause to dispute. The ordinary weekly issue of the *Universe*, coming out some days after, though it contained much that was certainly *new*, had very little of what may be properly called *news*—for Denis wanted elbow-room to lay about him, which he did all over the face of the paper. There wasn't a British official, from the Queen down to Micky Meenan the process-server, that he didn't haul and maul up and down the columns, and there wasn't an article of the Constitution which lends itself to breaking in print that Denis didn't smash into indivisible atoms. Still the authorities displayed a criminal disregard of their duty. For a second week, and a third, Denis continued his onslaught upon the laws and law-makers of the realm, flanking it with incitements to violence and lessons upon the latest and best methods of law-breaking; but, to his intense and just indignation, Denis found himself still compelled to walk about a free man.

That the authorities had vilely conspired to deny him the privileges of the law was evident. Denis, driven to this conclusion, aroused him then and went out determined to burst up the conspiracy, or die in the attempt. The third man he met was Micky Meenan. Micky, being the process-server, and so a minion of the Government, would answer his purposes as well as if he had been the Lord Chancellor. So Denis marched up to Micky and promptly knocked him down. There was absolutely no loophole of escape for the authorities this time, as two policemen were looking on. They seized upon him at once, and marched the now triumphant Denis to the barrack. A special court sat upon him; to the joy of his heart, he was sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment, and in less than one hour from the assault he had the exquisite pleasure of hearing the big jail gates clang musically behind him.

Inside the jail walls, as outside, Denis soon discovered hard labour was hard. And it is probable he would have been actually discontented—to put the feeling in its mildest form—with his lot had not the joys of anticipation tempered the inconvenience of jail life and the crudeness of jail diet. Denis was blessed with that very vivid imagination said to be characteristic of our race, and he whiled away much of the time pleasantly rehearsing for his release—conceiving the drift of the address, preparing his answer, listening to the huzzas, observing the surging crowd, hearing the crashing of the bands, and, sweetest scene of all, hurrying to his own private apartments, on Kitty Scanlan's garret, and reckoning the yellow contents of the purse.

When, then, on the morning of his liberation, Denis stepped from the prison gates, on his features the carefully practised smile of joy with which he was to acknowledge the huzzas of the multitude, he was cruelly staggered to find not a solitary sinner awaiting him! The bewildered Denis looked up the street and looked down the street, but, to his unmitigated disgust, the surging crowd wasn't coming! Ah! they had miscalculated the day of his release. That was it. He must himself be the hearer of the joyous tidings to them; he'd off to Rody Cooney at once, till Rody would raise the town. Rody kept a grocery not far from the jail. Denis, ere he rushed into Rody's, paused just a moment to screw up his effusiveness to its highest pressure, and next moment burst in upon him with a wild Hurrah! and with both hands extended for Rody's glad and eager grasp. Now, Rody Cooney, be it noted, was a very dry humorist. When Denis burst in upon Rody, he was in the act of cutting off a ha'porth of tobacco for Briany Mullen's young son, Jimmy, who had taken to



MR. HENRY BEDFORD AS IRONHAND IN "THE DAYS OF CROMWELL."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITLOCK, BIRMINGHAM.

chewing. Rody held the knife in suspension while he glanced up. "Hello, Denis Reid," he said, "how are ye?" and then calmly cut and papered up Jimmy Mullen's consignment of merchandise, whilst poor Denis, feeling like a suddenly deflated bladder, leant up against a



MR. GEORGE ROBNEY.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

post, and gasped. "Reid," said Rody, when he had disposed of his customer, "where have ye been this long time? I don't think I laid me eyes on ye these ten days."

This took the breath from poor Denis completely—so he gasped several times before he could reply, "Why, I've been in jail for six weeks!"

"In—jail! Whew—w—w—w! An' for six weeks!—Now, Reid," and his tone became one of friendly reprimand, "I knew it would come to this with ye yet."

Denis stared blankly at him.

"I'll tell ye what it is, Denis Reid, as a frien', ye've better pick yerself up. This should be a lesson to ye, an' I hope ye'll profit by it, an' that I won't see thrace or thrack of dhrink on ye for the time to come."

"Rody Cooney," said Denis, with the courage of indignation and desperation, "I wasn't in jail for dhrink! It was for levellin' a process-sarver."

"Oh-h-h!" Rody said, "so you're right. Knockin' down poor oul' Micky Meenan. Someone was tellin' me the affair the other day. I mind now—an' I took your excuse, an' sayed only ye were dhrunk ye wouldn't do it."

Denis, with disgust surging in his bosom, turned and made for the door.

"But, I say, Denis," Rody stopped him, "if Moroney's for kickin' up a row over the business when ye go up to the office, count on me to do what I can to smooth matters. Only—ye must stiek to it that ye were dead dhrunk at the time an' didn't know what ye were doin'." The enraged Denis was off. "Mind," Rody called after him from the door, "mind, Denis Reid, ye have always a frien' in me."

But with tossing head, and bosom burning with just indignation, the Staff was striding hastily and aggressively up the main street of cold Dhrimstevlin.

The town of Venice has petitioned the Italian Government to take diplomatic steps to recover no less than six thousand pictures, which were carried off by Buonaparte between 1806 and 1810, and which were appropriated by various Powers after his fall. It also desires that a demand should be addressed to Austria for the return of 135 pictures, which were carried off in 1838, in time of peace, by the Emperor Ferdinand for the galleries of Vienna. As for the various artistic treasures which astute connoisseurs have constantly purchased down to the present day, at the most ridiculously small prices, from religious bodies who had no idea of their real value, it would be almost hopeless to attempt to take action. The late Sir Henry Layard was a great offender in this respect, not only in Venice, but in Spain.

## A MUSIC-HALL SINGER WHO WAS AT CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

Since several journals have apprised the world of the interesting statement that Mr. George Robey, comedian, is also a Bachelor of Arts of the University of Cambridge, I made bold to interrogate that gentleman (writes a *Sketch* representative), and settle, once and for all, a question upon which this country ought no longer to be left in doubt. The facts of the case are as follows—

Mr. George Robey, a Londoner by birth, began his career by serving for some years in a highly respectable dame school. Thence he was sent to Dresden, where he vigorously continued his search for knowledge. I say vigorously, advisedly; for during the three years that he was attached to the High School of that artistic centre, he acquired considerable fame by persistently rising to the top of his class. I need scarcely add, therefore, that he speaks German like a native. He then migrated to the University of Heidelberg, where he further continued his studies, but with exactly what success he did not state. His next important appearance was, he tells me, as an undergraduate of Jesus College, Cambridge. "There has been a slight mistake," he added, "with regard to my taking a degree. I did not do so, for the simple reason that my University career was prematurely brought to a close, owing to domestic reasons, of which lack of money was not the least important." He also told me that the Natural Science Tripos was the one upon which he had set his heart.

Upon leaving the *alma mater*, he turned his attention to engraving; but eventually, following in the footsteps of his father, he became a civil engineer, and in that capacity again visited his friends the Germans. This work, in turn, apparently became irksome, and to relieve the weary monotony he employed his spare moments by taking part in many charity concerts. At these he performed with great success upon the mandoline, to the music of which he warbled sweetly.

His first appearance as a professional singer took place at the Westminster Aquarium, when he sang two plaintive little ballads entitled "Simple Pimple" and "He'll get it where he's gone to now." The immediate result of this performance was that he got twelve months'—engagement at the Oxford Music Hall. During his recent engagement in pantomime at Manchester he appears to have acquired the somewhat peculiar habit of riding to his work upon an elephant, and I gather that it is only the rigorous by-laws of the Metropolis that have precluded him from dispensing with his brougham and trotting from hall to hall upon



MR. GEORGE ROBNEY.

Photo by Harding, Landport.

Nelly, which is the name of his pet. It is not often that you see a cab-horse with a comic expression on his countenance—to me I confess that they always appear particularly pensive and sad—but Mr. Robey assures me that this was quite a common occurrence in Manchester, especially when the horse was suddenly driven out of a side-street and found Nelly "staring him in the face." If anyone can claim the title of "eccentric" comedian, I think it may be awarded, without fear or favour, to Mr. George Robey.



## WHERE IS THE BRITISH DRAMA?

We are at the height of the theatrical season, and have passed a week very busy for the critics. Of what has it consisted? Of the appearance of a French company in a French comedy, of an English company in a Belgian drama, of an American company in an American piece, and of an English company in a French comedy. It is true that



MISS AMELIA STONE, THE LATEST STRANGER FROM NEW YORK.

one of the foreign works has been translated and another adapted by a Briton, but that is poor comfort to those who hope for the true establishment of modern British drama, or comfort for Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, who has written a book about its Renaissance. Why have we such a state of things? you may ask. Are the foreigners better players than ours? Do they present better pieces? Let us look for a moment at the productions of the week.

We can dismiss one easily. Of "A Stranger in New York" one may use Orlando's phrase, "I do desire we may be better strangers." One cannot imagine that any sane London manager would present at a West-End house such a paltry thing of shreds and patches, a mere framework for a variety entertainment, which makes one ask indignantly why mayn't one smoke and walk about, why should we pay such prices, and why is there no interval for gossip between the turns? Admit that Mr. Gilfoil's picture of a grey-headed old sinner is very clever, clever enough to remind one of Mr. Richard Mansfield in "A Parisian Romance," its very cleverness rendered the work revolting; admit that Miss Amelia Stone is a pretty woman, fair singer, and very vivacious, that Miss Louise Gunning has a charming voice, and that the company has been admirably drilled—all this is poor compensation for ugly dresses, bad music, stale jokes, an atmosphere of drink, drunken revelry, and practical joking. In a word, our native productions of the same order are vastly better than the Hoyt from all points of view. Yet such is the mania of the moment, the Anglophobia of the London public, that, perhaps, what would have been scorned as a native production may be received as an importation.

A stage biographer, I may say in parenthesis, tells me that Miss Stone is a native of Detroit, Michigan, where she was educated and studied singing under Signor Tagliere. Her professional début was made in her eighteenth year as Annabel in "Robin Hood," with the famous Bostonians, and in the three years which have passed since then she has played Little Willie in a "Trilby" burlesque, Isabel Dane in "A Trip to Chinatown," and the Vivandière in "A Milk-White Flat."

M. ROMAIN COOLUS.

"Lysiane" is quite another pair of boots. We owe a great debt to Madame Bernhardt, and she may be said to have become a sort of national institution; so whether she produces a dull piece, such as that of M. Romain Coolus, or revives more interesting works, one can find a hearty welcome for the actress who during many years has been deemed the great tragedienne of our times. Certainly "Lysiane," with

its rather tame story of the love-folly of a middle-aged woman, fell a little flat, despite the outburst of passion in the true Bernhardt vein during one scene of indignation. Certainly we have plenty of authors who can write as gracefully as M. Coolus, and could put more wit and finesse of character into their work than he has chosen to give to "Lysiane." The acting? Well, Bernhardt is Bernhardt (not at her best, by any means, for, though obviously written for her, the part does not suit her), and it is not safe to pretend that we have a Bernhardt of our own. M. Guitry, an actor who in "Izyl" and "Les Rois" did work of great value, is a very clever actor of the romantic school, who hardly seems at home in drawing-room comedy, in which, despite the skill of his acting, his personality forces upon one the thought of the bull in the china-shop.

M. MAETERLINCK.

Of course, one is coming closer to British drama with Mr. Mackail's version of "Pelleas and Melisande." The story of the almost child-lovers slain by a jealous and afterwards remorseful husband owes little, it may be, to us, so far as play is concerned. Our translator has not accomplished the impossible, has not given in English a counterpart of the exquisitely musical French prose of the Belgian writer. He has been content to tell the tale of Goland and his wedding with Melisande, the almost child from unknown lands, of her innocent love for Pelleas, his stepbrother, of his thoughtless passion for her, of the slaughter of Pelleas and the exquisitely pathetic death of Melisande, in straightforward prose sometimes very happy in choice of words and at others a little too undignified in style. French art supplied the music in the charming, strange, mysterious murmurings of the orchestra, directed by the composer, M. Gabriel Fauré, who, however, achieved nothing out of the range of some of our native composers. The acting and the setting do infinite credit to us. Who could wish for more admirable work than the displays of remorse and passion by Mr. Forbes-Robertson as Arkel, or a more charmingly poetic, graceful piece of acting than that of Mr. Martin Harvey in the part of Pelleas? Mrs. Campbell showed how superb may be the work of an actress of temperament in a character truly to her heart. It will be long ere one can forget these three hapless figures in a weird, fantastic, cruel tragedy. A strong combination comes of good English acting and a noteworthy foreign drama.

M. RICHEPIN.

Closer still to native work is the "Ragged Robin" of Mr. Louis N. Parker, who is adapter, not translator, and has built from mere ground-plan, and built superbly. Richepin's study in verse of French peasantry,



FRAU CZINK.

Photo by St. Joanovits, Verscez.

save in mere outline of story and arrangement of scene, has lent comparatively little to Mr. Parker in his prose picture of Dorset rustics. In essence, no doubt, the play is the same, and the central figure of the loafing scoundrel who, by the whim of the writers, is invested

with a factitious poetry, certainly owes more to the Frenchman than the English. For the rest, it may be hinted that, when working at original tasks, Mr. Parker has hitherto, save, perhaps, in "The Bohemians" and "Chris," produced plays of greater art-value and interest than his present contribution to the theatre. One admires the cleverness of the handling of the tale of the tramp who loved and ran away heartlessly, who came back after many years, and, at no cost to himself, assisted his son, and afterwards went back to his old trade of begging.

After all, what, I think, is the most charming aspect of the affair is the marvellous work of the scene-painters, and the *metteur-en-scène*, and the acting, for which at least we may claim the credit. More beautiful pictures of the English country have never been seen on the stage, and the characters fit into them amazingly. Mr. Beerbohm Tree's Ragged Robin is so vivid and ingenious a picture as to make one forget for the time the true nature of the selfish scoundrel represented by him. One thinks of nothing but the curious brilliance of the acting. Mr. Warner's playing—his chief scene made one "squirm," and I hate it—was full of power; while that of Mrs. Tree is truly pathetic and charming. The simpler rustics were capitally rendered by Miss Halkett and Messrs. Stevens and Du Maurier. Mr. McLeay made a "hit" by his strong character-acting, and one's only grudge against Miss Evelyn Millard and Mr. Lewis Waller is that one had too little of their admirable work.

#### M. ROSTAND.

"Cyrano de Bergerac" is coming in a few days, and nearly half-a-dozen other theatres are in the hands of alien companies; in addition, one finds foreign work in British guise elsewhere. What is the cause, why is it that half our best actresses are resting, that Mr. Pinero merely figures as librettist, that Mr. Sydney Grundy's name is out of the bill, that Mr. Parker is adapting, and the Carson-Parker partnership is dumb? One cannot find the answer, save perhaps by alleging the capriciousness of our public, its reckless craving for novelty at any price, the timidity of our managers, and the complaisance of critics who push the principles of Free Trade beyond bounds, and give a kind of bounty to the foreigner. We have the dramatists, and we have the players, and, sanely judged, our drama and our presentation of it have more of merit than is to be found in that which has temporarily ousted it. Doubtless things will right themselves soon; the present is but a pause in progress, and the answer to the question, Where is the British drama? will be, On the London stage, and full of life.

#### HERR MÜLLER.

Last week Mr. David Bispham made his appearance in what was for him a new character before a London audience, that of an actor. In a word, he took the part of Beethoven in an English translation of the brief German play by Müller known as "Adelaide." The drama is supposed to be founded on historical fact, and these two things which were made much of in the course of it were historically true—Beethoven certainly had a somewhat mysterious love-affair, and he also suffered in his later years from the cruel affliction of deafness. Otherwise, dates and probabilities were jumbled up in a delightful confusion. Mr. Bispham's "make-up" resulted in what was assuredly a most remarkable resemblance to the accepted likenesses of Beethoven, and he acted with vigour, conviction, and sincerity. But I devoutly trust that the real Beethoven never really went about rhapsodising as the day was long, with an eye to everlasting commonplace in his talk, as this poor Beethoven was made to do on the stage. Miss Julie Opp was a lovely Adelaide, and acted as if born to the boards; that is, with every dramatic convention developed in her to its highest point. Mr. McKay sang "Adelaide" fairly well; but, frankly, the play is silly.

#### THE EXOTIC OPERA.

Of course, the opera is wholly an exotic. The past week saw the end of the "Ring," and the revival of some very old friends, such as "Faust." Among the singers this season I may refer to Frau Sultana Czink, who made her début as Sieglinde in "Die Walküre." She was born in Verseez, Hungary, studied music in Vienna under Herr Ress, and made her first appearance at Mayence as Elsa in "Lohengrin" a year ago, and subsequently appeared as Sieglinde, Marguerite in "Faust," and Nedda in "Pagliacci."

#### AN AMATEUR'S BURLESQUE.

The Cambridge Footlights Club, however, retain native talent, for their burlesque this year was written by Mr. Harold Ellis, who wrote "The New Dean." Mr. Ellis has a keen sense of humour and no ordinary faculty of writing smart lyrics. This year he harked back to classic times for his plot. The story dealt chiefly with the adventures of Chrysis, a dancing-girl, Charicles, a student of the University of Sparta, some friends of his who pay attention to various engaging girls at Brisis, a demagogue, who acts as general fusser-in-chief and ravel and unravels the story at all points. The music, composed by a triumvirate of brothers, Messrs. Paul, Walter, and Herbert Rubens, was a distinct feature of the piece. Perhaps the best tune was "If you were the only maid," written by Walter Rubens, but there were several other very successful songs, such as "Oh! Woe the Man," "Play and Pay," "The Tale of the Roman Candle," and "My Mistake, I beg your Pardon." The house was crowded on all three nights of the performance, and the Footlights Club, so admirably managed by Mr. M. V. Leveaux (St. John's College), is to be heartily congratulated on a thoroughly deserved success.

#### A NIBELUNG ALPHABET.

- A stands for Alberich, Nibelung's gnome,  
Whose theft of the Rheingold came roosting to home.
- B for Brünnhilde, the Walküre maid,  
Who for sheltering Siegmund in deep sleep was laid.
- C for the Curse which belonged to the Ring,  
Lust, envy, and death to each owner did bring.
- D for the Dragon, who dwelt in a cave,  
And spent his life sleeping while tempests would rave.
- E, Erda, the All-Wise, who lived in the deep;  
To gain her advice Wotan roused her from sleep.
- F, Fricka the Proud, who in wrath did insist  
That "love 'twixt relations" should never exist.
- G, weak-minded Gunther, whom Siegfried did aid  
To gain noble Brünnhilde, cruelly betrayed.
- H for grim Hunding, Sieglinde's rough spouse,  
Who failed in her heart any love to arouse.
- I, Ideal Love that Brünnhilde bestowed  
On Siegfried the handsome in whom passion glowed.
- J for the Jaws of the Dragon so wide;  
His "extravagant frontage" he closed when he died.
- K was the Kiss which old Wotan impressed  
On Brünnhilde's eyes when he laid her to rest.
- L, Loge, whom Wotan did summon by name  
The Walküres' Rock to encircle with flame.
- M, Mime the dwarf by whom Siegfried was reared,  
His heart was as stone and his visage was weird.
- N stands for "Nothung," the notable sword  
That brought death to Fafner and gained Ring and Hoard.
- O for Ortlinde, a Walküre brave,  
Whose mission was heroes to gather and save.
- P for the Potion which Gutrun' prepared  
To gain Siegfried's love, which she fain would have shared.
- Q for the Question to Fate which the Nornes  
Vainly address, for the oracle scorns.
- R for the Ring, that was fashioned of gold,  
Stolen by Alberich and brought to the fold.
- S stands for Siegfried, the Walsung's brave son,  
Who fought through the flaming and Brünnhilde won.
- T for the Treasure the Giants did claim  
For building Walhalla, that temple of Fame.
- U for "Urmutter," whose daughters all three  
Wove the World's destiny 'neath the Ash-tree.
- V for Valtrauta, who came to implore  
Brünnhild', the Ring to the Rhein to restore.
- W, Wotan, who fain would have saved  
Earth of the troubles that constantly waved.
- X, with its strangely cacophonous sound,  
Is not in the "Nibelung's Ring" to be found.
- Y for the Yawn, Fafner's only reply  
To the Wanderer's warning that soon he would die.
- Z for the Zenith of mastery attained  
When Wotan in Walhalla finally reigned.

O. M.

#### THE PRESS BAZAAR.

In connection with the Press Bazaar, which was opened yesterday at the Hotel Cecil by the Princess of Wales and the Duchess of York, the following particulars as to the Souvenir of the Bazaar will be interesting. This book has been produced under the direction of Mr. Massingham (*Daily Chronicle*), Mr. Philip Agnew (*Punch*), Mr. Clement Shorter (*Illustrated London News*), and Mr. Harvey Thomas (*Graphic* and *Daily Graphic*). It contains illustrations by Mr. Alma-Tadema, R.A., Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A., Mrs. and Miss Tadema, Mr. Eyre Crowe, R.A., Mr. A. C. Gow, R.A., Mr. Seymour Lucas, R.A., Mr. Val Prinsep, R.A., Mr. Onslow Ford, R.A., Mr. Colin Hunter, R.A., Mr. Frank Dicksee, R.A., Mr. J. McWhirter, R.A., Mr. G. H. Boughton, R.A., Mr. Briton Riviere, R.A., Mr. G. A. Storey, R.A., Mr. E. A. Waterlow, R.A., Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., Mr. F. Goodall, R.A., Mr. D. Murray, A.R.A., Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A., Mr. Arthur Hacker, A.R.A., Sir John Tenniel, the Chevalier Martino, Mr. Linley Sambourne, Mr. Phil May, Mr. Reginald Cleaver, Mr. Gordon Browne, Madame Ronner, Mr. F. C. Gould, Mr. William Small, and Mr. A. C. Corbould.

The literature of the Souvenir is equally important. It is contributed by Mr. Alfred Austin, Sir Edwin Arnold, M. Maeterlinck, M. Jules Lemaitre, M. Jules Claretie, M. Sarcey, M. Emile Zola, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Frederick Greenwood, Mr. Andrew Lang, Professor Max Müller, Dr. Conan Doyle, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. Zangwill, Mr. G. W. Cable, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. J. M. Barrie, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. W. E. Henley, Mrs. Lynn Linton, Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Sir Walter Besant, Mr. A. C. Swinburne, Mr. Lecky, Mr. John Morley, Professor Bryce, Mr. Ritchie, Mr. A. J. Balfour, and the Bishop of London.

The book is published at five shillings, and subscriptions for it, with sixpence added for postage, will be received by any of the four gentlemen under whose direction it was produced.

## SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: Wednesday, June 29, 9.19; Thursday, 9.18; Friday, 9.18; Saturday, 9.18; Sunday, 9.17; Monday, 9.17; Tuesday, 9.16.

Cycling tourists are already making their appearance in many parts of the country, so I take this opportunity of earnestly warning all persons intending to start on tour to ride machines fitted with trustworthy brakes. Many London cyclists have never in their lives ridden down a steeper slope than Primrose Hill, and therefore look upon a brake merely as a useless encumbrance. Very many accidents occurred at about this time last year in the North and the West of England owing to riders losing control of their machines, accidents which would not have come about had a brake been available.



A CYCLE "AT HOME" AT HENLEY.

An angry correspondent complains that some two years ago I gave preference to the chain machine, and that now I recommend the chainless. "You can't know what you are writing of," he adds, "for if you did you wouldn't not (*sic*) give yourself the lie like this." My courteous and scholarly correspondent forgets that the chainless machine was in its infancy two years ago, that since that time it has been experimented with and improved to such an extent that it may now be said to have almost reached perfection.

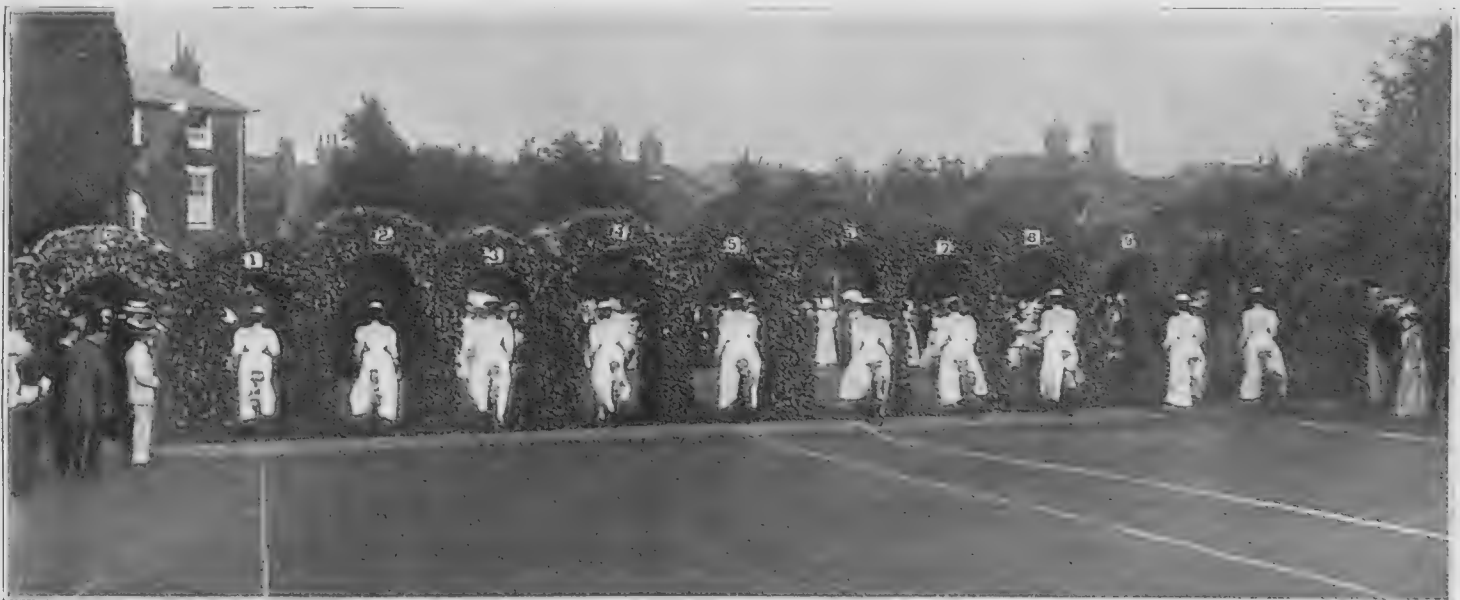
It is said that nothing stirs in Torquay but stagnation. Recently, however, quite a flutter of excitement was caused in the ordinarily drowsy watering-place by a collision which occurred between a pony-tandem driven by an individual named Smith and a cycle-tandem ridden by one Tom Trethewey and his nephew. The case was heard last week in the Exeter Assize Court, before the Lord Chief Justice himself and a jury, and during the trial much amusement was created by a statement to the effect that, when the accident occurred, the cyclists were riding at the rate of forty or fifty miles an hour, and that their contact was just like a train coming to a standstill. The defendant, Smith, was also charged with having subsequently knocked down the plaintiff with his fist. The jury gave a verdict for the plaintiff, Trethewey, with £40 as compensation, so tranquillity now once more reigns in Torquay.

asparagus fronds, guelder-roses, white peonies, gladioli, and syringa. There was cycle hockey, tilting at the ring, tent-pegging, and all the other games that the wheelist can play. The Gretna Green race consisted in a lady and gentleman riding hand-in-hand to a given point, dismounting and signing their names and addresses in a register, remounting, and riding back hand-in-hand.

The bicycle has almost come to be regarded as one of the necessities of life, yet Mr. Slade, the Southwark magistrate, decided the other day that a certain barber of Brompton, who was unable to provide for his wife and family, ought to sacrifice his machine in order to supply food and clothing for those legitimately dependent on him. The argument was that, if this tonsorial artist could afford to keep a bicycle, he could afford to contribute ten shillings a-week towards the maintenance of his

family; and I agree with the magistrate, since it does not appear that the cycle was in any way a necessity in the prosecution of his trade. In those employments which entail locomotion, the cycle might possibly be regarded as a necessity, but this hardly applies in the case of a barber! Policemen, telegraph-messengers, postmen, and message-boys, of course, employ the wheel; district nurses have for some time used it to carry themselves without loss of time from one case to another; and now the question is being debated whether or not it should be employed as a healthy recreation for the hard-worked hospital-nurse, to whom it would prove a great boon, giving her an opportunity to obtain the greatest amount of fresh air and exercise in the shortest time.

I was amused to see that yet another trade (or perhaps I ought to call it profession) has adopted the wheel as a useful accessory. An up-to-date poacher at Ashby-de-la-Zouch on a recent professional excursion was equipped with a dog, a gun, and a bicycle. Truly to the uses of the cycle there is no limit. Yet, while the uses of the wheel increase, its dangers appear to increase in proportion. On a recent Sunday, an Irish doctor, while cycling on his round of visits, was overtaken by a thunderstorm, and his machine struck by lightning and wrecked. The doctor was flung on the road, but sustained no personal injury beyond a few trifling



A CYCLE "AT HOME" AT HENLEY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARSH, HENLEY-ON-THAMES.

A picturesque cycle "At Home" was given by the Mayor and Mayoress of Henley, Mr. and Mrs. Lidderdale, the other day. Miss Miller, who carried off the prize for the best-decorated cycle, had adorned her wheel with red and white satin ribbon, the mud-guards with moss, the forks with double red geraniums, with a hood composed of smilax,

bruises. The Anti-Sunday Cycling League, no doubt, will regard this as a just judgment on the doctor for his profanation of the Sabbath, while it may put inventors on their mettle to provide a convenient lightning-conductor attachment to be fitted to bicycles for special use when riding on Sundays.



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

We can now see that Disraeli is very far removed from being a good colt, and it is marvellous how he ever came to win the Guineas. John Dawson, who trains Mr. Wallace Johnstone's colt, is of opinion that Disraeli is not within 14 lb. of the form shown by his sire Galopin, and Dawson is no doubt right. He is a good judge of horseflesh, and is one of the celebrated brothers who have followed the profession of trainers for years, having formerly migrated from Scotland. John Dawson's daughter married the late Fred Archer, and I am glad to hear that his little granddaughter has grown into a very nice girl.

Another disappointing animal is Bridgroom II., who has been going to win several big races this year, but has only won a minor plate at Manchester and a plate at Newmarket—a couple of £100 plates. This colt is one of Mr. A. Belmont's horses that are trained by J. Watson at Newmarket, along with many of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's horses, including Jaquemart. Watson, who learned his business under his father in the North of England, is a most capable trainer. He is a good-looking fellow with a pleasant manner. He knows well how to manage two-year-olds.

I am told that speculators are already finding double events for the Cæsarewitch and Cambridgeshire. According to my information, Laughing Girl is the favourite for the long race, and Voter is the pick of the talent for the Cambridgeshire. The impression has got abroad that Tod Sloan will cross the Atlantic to take the mount on the last-named, and there is no denying the fact that Sloan can get a horse home if the



HOME OF J. DAWSON, TRAINER OF DISRAELI.  
*Photo by Hatley, Newmarket.*

animal is good enough. Sloan has maintained his average this year in the States, and, what is more, he has, I think, been the cause of several of our jockeys showing improvement in their riding, as they now find that waiting in front pays the best in the long run.

Backers have had a very bad time of it ever since the opening of the Epsom Summer Meeting, and I hear of one or two owners who have practically had to pawn their horses, or, in other words, have had to borrow money on the strength of their owning horses, their only available asset. One big plunger decided to quit the Turf, as he argued that to settle would have taken him all, which meant an amount that would, carefully invested, bring him in £1000 per annum. The party referred to has taken a lot of money out of the Ring during the last twenty-five years, and I think he ought to compensate the little bookmakers who have to hedge the bets he made with them.

Many of the cross-country jockeys are in a poor way financially. The amateur riders are crowding them out of the saddle, and in more than one case I have heard of, a good professional rider did not earn enough money last winter to pay his travelling and hotel expenses. Indeed, the sport under National Hunt Rules, taking it all round, is at a very low ebb just now, as several of the best owners of flat-racers decline to have anything to do with the cross-country game.

Mr. John Porter will, after the present season, have his stables at Kingsclere full of horses, and I hope he will lead back many a good winner in '99. It may be that the Duke of Portland and the Earl of Crewe will go in for racing on a larger scale next year. If so, I suppose M. Cannon will ride exclusively for the stable when the weight suits. The master of Kingsclere once said that there was not the length of his walking-stick between a good jockey and a smart stable-lad; but I cannot agree with this opinion, and I have never yet met with a stable-lad who was within seven pounds of Cannon in riding in any trial.

The rules of certain commission agents are extremely funny. A correspondent tells me he opened an account with one who hails from the neighbourhood of Bow Bells, and the backer had a balance on the right side when the first settling-day arrived. Judge of my correspondent's



J. WATSON, TRAINER OF BRIDGROOM II.  
*Photo by Hatley, Newmarket.*

surprise on his receiving from his agent a notice to the effect that "it was usual to keep the first week's winnings in hand." I fancy the law would show the agent that he could do nothing of the sort, and, if this be his general rule, the sooner he alters it the better will it be for his business.

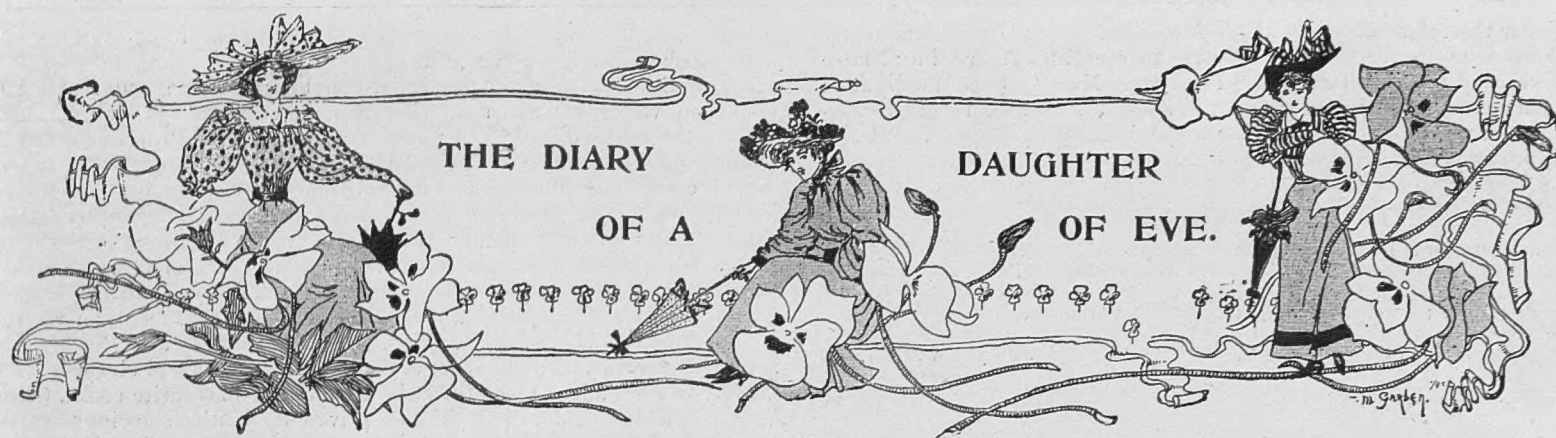
Racing excitement is too much for some men. I met a gentleman a day or two back in the Strand who for many years followed the meetings. He once won £25,000 when an animal of his captured the Earl Spencer's Plate. He always did well at the game, and was most regular and abstemious in his habits. But he has had to give up racing altogether, and now he never bets or even reads a sporting paper. It seems the excitement of racing had such an effect on his nerves that his life was in positive danger. Yet I never saw him the least excited either on the course or off it, but his appearance must have deceived most people, as it did myself.

The tricks of the shady division that visit our racecourses are many and peculiar. The latest is really smart. It seems that some of the three-card-trick gentry purchase parcels of sham jewellery down Houndsditch way, which they sell on the course at an enormous profit by pretending that the pins, studs, and rings have been staked with them by young sprigs of the nobility over the three-card trick. The goods, they argue, are useless to them, and they are always willing to exchange a twenty-guinea diamond pin for a sovereign. I am told this bait takes on immensely, and pins that are bought at one shilling per dozen often fetch ten shillings apiece.

CAPTAIN COE.



DISRAELI'S STABLES.  
*Photo by Hatley, Newmarket.*



*Monday.*—I have got it again; I knew I should! It is only a question of the hot weather; it goes to my head immediately, till every thought there—my family have suggested these are few and far between—is of the country. To meet the glorious sunlight walking on the pavement of the London streets is an absurd waste of a golden opportunity—a golden opportunity which should be enjoyed sitting on the green grass under a tree. And yet this is a joy that I possessed to-day in the Park, where life seemed a very merry, pretty thing as woman after woman went by in her best frock, wearing her best smile, and looking the personification of gaiety femininely expressed. Such pretty muslin dresses I saw, plain and flowered, and trimmed with masses of lace—Valenciennes is the favourite lace, and it is used in stripes, in points, and in large separate patterns. Muslin dresses look a little ragged and limp, but we wear our fashions under these conditions this season; everything is soft and clinging, and it is not possible to arrive at perfection without a vast amount of expenditure, while we are obliged to recognise that the fashions we thus love die young. No really well-made muslin dress of softest inclination will survive a fortnight's hard wear. A lovely gown, which its wearer well became, I saw made of bouillonnées of white chiffon and yellow Alençon lace. This was crowned with a very pale mauve straw hat trimmed with a couple of mauve ostrich-feathers intermixed with white, and the mauve parasol which was held over it was lined with tiny kilted frills of white chiffon. The prettiest parasols I have seen this year, though, are of shaded silk. In Paris they wear so much shaded silk; over here we ignore its charms. I was very amused the other day at getting an English letter from my French cousin in which she describes such silk as degraded—a literal translation of "dégradé." It seemed so funny to read "and round the waist was a belt of degraded blue silk." The best blue serge dress I have met had a belt of "degraded" green silk and a collar round the shoulders of tucked écaru lawn and Maltese lace.

Julia has at last decided on a house. She goes down to Maidenhead next week, and tells me to take note that she has not invited me to stay with her, that I am not to be a martyr to her hospitality, yet is there a charming bedroom with the label "Virginia."

She was out to-day stocking her store-cupboard—a nice occupation when the sun is golden and the sky is blue. Julia is a prosaic person, and so solid. Yet I think I shall go and stay with her, for she told me that she had laid in a stock of Bellis's Turtle Essence, and I do love it so; it makes the loveliest soup, and I have vivid recollections of its fascinations last time I was ill, when some kind friend sent me a pot of it, and I swallowed it by the spoonful in its jellied form.

*Thursday.*—I spent the morning at Kate Reily's, interviewing the models which are to be sacrificed on the altar of the July sale. Everything is of the freshest and the Frenchest, and any mere male who imagines that sale-time means bargain-time ought to be taken forcibly to 12, Dover Street, and made to inspect the articles here, and, in due

course, made to purchase them for the enterprising woman who conducts him. I bought a lovely hat to-day, which my amiable artist has sketched, at a price—but no, I will not reveal its price, nor the prices of any of the things here; they are all good and all cheap.

On consideration, I shall not go to stay with Julia. She came to bid me farewell to-day, insisting that I should take a little exercise with her, lured me to a bicycle ride which lasted four and a-half hours, with intervals of indifferent refreshment taken at country inns, where the courtesy of the proprietors (and we did not wear divided skirts) was as conspicuous by its absence as the practical assistance of the local housemaid. I wonder why country inns are always so exceedingly unclean. They ought to be low-roofed dwellings with huge porches, where a cheery, stout landlord, smoking a long pipe, stands to receive you with a welcoming smile on his rubicund visage, while behind him one could catch a glimpse of his buxom wife in a print dress and a curtsy, and, beyond, a neatly swept bar-parlour, glistening with Chelsea china and square pewter pots. This is what they ought to be, but what they are really is a public-house, its entrance a narrow passage, displaying upon it a licence to sell beer, a slatternly female attendant to lead you into a fusty sitting-room with horse-hair sofas and white antimacassars, and many ornaments made of glass beads and alabaster, where the window will not open, and the table shows traces of the last party who called for a meal.

No, I did not like Julia's excursion to-day at all. I felt I wanted thoroughly disinfecting; and what a joy it is, under such circumstances, to get into a hot bath with the invaluable Scrubb's Ammonia added to its refreshing charms! I am a believer with a perfect faith in Scrubb's Ammonia. I always feel inclined to write its promoters a testimonial. It has a dozen virtues, notably its invigorating qualities in a warm bath, and its capabilities for eradicating stains from frocks.

Another toilet accessory which has much of my admiration is the Erasmic Herb Soap. I was first

introduced to this by Nita's little girl, who received a packet by post as an advertisement, and was so much touched by the honour the advertisers had done her that she became its most earnest advocate. She is very funny. I saw a letter the other day in which she referred to a school magazine they were starting, and wrote to her mother, "Really some of the work done is quite good." As an authority on literary matters her opinion is, of course, invaluable—certainly her opinion on soap is good.



A LACE COAT.



Under the influence of Scrubb's Ammonia, to-day, I was sufficiently enlivened to go to the Lyceum Theatre to see Ellen Terry in "Nance Oldfield" and the only Irving in "The Lyons Mail." Such a delightful programme! She is simply wonderful, and his acting in the Drawing-room scene, where he is accused, made me, hardened playgoer that I am, weep for sympathy.

#### TO MY CORRESPONDENTS.

MAVON.—I wonder if I have read your pseudonym aright. Anyhow, I hope you will recognise that this is meant for you. At the sale at Peter Robinson's in Regent Street, commencing on July 4, you will find some mackintosh cloaks at a price of 17s. 6d.; excellent quality these are. And in the same establishment let me advise you to look for your parasol. I like the ordinary coloured silk *en tout cas* if you do not want to spend much money, and this you will find at Peter Robinson's at 3s. 11d. Thanks for your letter.

FLOSSIE.—Louise and Co. have just opened a new Dressmaking Department at 210, Regent Street. I hear their style and cut are excellent; go and try them, and let me know the result. I like your suggestion of a white tie spotted with black with white beadings let in. A pretty model shirt has a lace yoke worn transparently, and striped with a beading threaded with black velvet ribbon. Gloves of white or of light biscuit-colour would suit that gown of yours. Do not apologise—I like answering questions.

VIOLET.—The sale at Kate Reily's, 11, Dover Street, should be your happy hunting-ground. You will find all the best fashions there, and all cheap. Of course, I agree with you. A checked skirt and plain cloth coat I like very much—it is useful and smart. In a bright shade of blue it would suit you best, or a red. Excellent lace fronts trimmed with bébé ribbons are to be found at Lewis and Allenby's, Conduit Street, at a price of eighteen-and-six. Quite the

meats arrived; it was then taken off. When the meal was over, spoons and trenchers being removed, this surnappe was once more laid over the much-punished table-cloth proper, which by that time had reached a condition variegated and somewhat less than appetising; ewers then treated the satisfied feeders to water and napkins, a most necessary finale in those gobbling times of "gobbets," as the morsels of meat were called which each hungry feeder conveyed from the dish to his mouth via his fingers. The evolution of the napkin from a generously sized cloth to its present dainty dimensions may be traced from the period when forks were brought in and fairly careful feeders could, therefore, retire from table without the actual necessity of washing hands, wrists, and face. Gradually the napkin becomes an ornament, an article of ceremony, and so the *chefs* that arose under the Restoration invented various ingenious ways of folding it, so as to add elegance and novelty to the table. One of Charles the Second's favourite cooks, Giles Rose, published in 1682 a pamphlet for private circulation showing twenty-six ways of folding table-napkins, amongst his devices the single and double melon, the mitre, and the swan being still preserved to our modern manners. Very often these ornamental erections were not opened at all, which shows how the napkin came to retire before the fork, and it even came to be considered a liberty if the gay gallant invited to dinner "undid" such trophies as Master Giles Rose's "turkey," "turbot," or "sucking-pig" patterns.

At the close of the eighteenth century napkins had disappeared almost entirely from the tables of the *beau monde*. Very large table-



HATS AT MADAME KATE REILY'S.

best stuff to use when you are sunburnt or hot after bicycling is Rowlands' "Kalydor." It is refreshing, and it has a beneficial effect on the complexion. To my mind, none of the new preparations excel it.

VIRGINIA.

#### SOME TRUTHS ABOUT TABLE-LINEN.

"Plain but good" was the proverb by which our granddams regulated the contents of their linen-closets and dower-chests. Plain the lavender-scented sheets and serviettes certainly were, nor always so excessively fine either, inasmuch as hand-loom little knew what was possible to unborn machinery, and what was considered "fine" in those simpler days would be positive sackcloth to our more educated and sensitive cuticle. In ancient Roman days, when luxury reached the apex of epicureanism, we hear of linen as fine as weavers could make it, and the Augustan dandies were notoriously fanciful about their hand-towels. After the "Decline and Fall," and when Apician manners were adopted by other peoples struggling out of the mists of barbarism, the use of table-linen invariably pointed out the nation with aspirations. Plebeians naturally continued to lick their fingers as well as their platters, with doubtless extreme contentment, but the upper classes ever showed their superior breeding by a fondness for fine napery. The Anglo-Saxons were not wanting in this niceness, and from Norman William's stirring times down to that of our merry Stuart monarch a lavish use of table-linen and much parade of washing accompanied every meal. How, indeed, could it be otherwise, when their inexpressibly free-and-easy—not to say greasy—methods of feeding were considered? In feudal times a second linen table-cover of surnappe was placed over the already laid table until the master and the

cloths, almost touching the ground on all sides, were in vogue. With the fruit this disappeared to show the shining mahogany underneath, and a dessert-doyley and dish of water placed before each guest was deemed sufficient for all purposes of washing. The disgusting habit of rinsing out the mouth at this point came to us from Germany, but, happily, was not "stomached" for long by the modish man of Britain. A naïve French diplomat of George the Third's time, writing home his impressions of English banquetings, says, "Après le dessert, qui n'est jamais long, vient le boire, que ces Anglais préfèrent à tout, et les dames disparaissent." High time, indeed, that they did. The tales of after-dinner episodes, common in every town and county at this juncture, would fill many racy if unreadable pages. It is on record that a certain Irish squire caused his two dozen dining-room chairs to be so constructed that the diner might rise without difficulty, but could not fall out of them under the table; and who has not heard his grandfather relate with unction of the small boy retained in most big houses whose most important duty lay in opening the collars of stertorous and prostrate after-dinner sleepers.

Reverting to our subject of snowy napery, which, in these days of universal well-being, we see on every well-set table, the custom of ornamentation grows in our table-cloths, tea-cloths, table-centres, bed, toilet linen, and so forth, but the napkin remains plain except for the highly embroidered monogram or coat-of-arms in one corner; Irish linen being more esteemed than all others for its fineness and pure colour. An instance of the luxury we attain may be quoted in the case of a wealthy American whose recently purchased complete outfit for a new yacht reaches several thousands of pounds—all of which exquisite service was woven, embroidered, and bleached in Northern Hibernia.



## CITY NOTES.

*The next Settlement begins on July 11.*

## MONEY.

What are we to say about the Money Market except that there is nothing to say? There is but one thing of importance to remark upon, and that is the great disparity between the Bank of England Rate and the quotations current in the open market for fine three-months' bills. This is regarded by some people as mysterious. It hardly strikes us so, though certainly it calls for an explanation, which is not difficult to supply. In order to bring the Bank of England Rate into accord with the open market, successive reductions have been made; but there is a limit at which the semi-official and totally anomalous obligations of the Bank of England compel it to part company with the other banks and the discount brokers. The present is one of these occasions. The Bank is obviously not going to invite withdrawal of the money which has recently been so copiously thrown into her coffers. She has met the market, so far, by reducing the rate to 3 per cent.; but now she is fairly entitled to take her stand so long as she pleases on a reduced rate, which has a great deal to do with the control of Foreign exchange rates. A great deal of ignorant comment and of chaff goes on about the futility of the Bank Rate when it differs from the open market. Sometimes the criticism and the chaff are well deserved, but on the present occasion it is a notable circumstance that there has been neither from any responsible quarter.

## THE BANK RETURN.

There is very little of interest in the last Bank Return, except that the proportion of the reserve has risen to 49½ per cent. The rise is only ½ per cent., it is true, but it shows how matters are moving, and also that the Bank Directors have not, as yet, had any ground to go upon for changing their minimum in either direction. It is one of the most uninteresting Returns that we have seen for a long time; and certainly they have been tame enough of late. The only point to mention which bears the slightest significance is the increase of the public deposits by some half-a-million, which, of course, means Treasury receipts, and is merely a transfer from the bankers' balances.

## HOME RAILS.

We are puzzled about Home Rails. The market is inactive as regards the number of transactions; but we are not so sure that it is particularly restricted as to the quantity of stock for which brokers' contracts are issued. Were it not that speculation has almost come to a standstill, we should feel surprised at the stagnation in Home Rails, because the position is just of the kind to encourage activity. There are big traffic increases on record, and the betting ought to be lively on what use the Directors of the various companies will make of them. There are all sorts of possibilities bearing on this. The traffic increases may turn out either better or worse than reported. In some cases they may be due to extension of mileage—the Great Central, for example. In some cases they may have been secured by goods traffic; in others, from passengers: the latter category being well known to be by far the more productive in net profit out of gross traffic receipts. Finally, we have to consider that there are many reasons which affect the discretion of a Board of Railway Directors in apportioning the sum at their disposal between working expenditure and distribution to the shareholders.

A fortnight ago we more than hinted in these columns that the arrangements contemplated between the South-Eastern and Chatham Companies amounted to something more than a pooling agreement, and now the justice of our observations is confirmed by the *Times* and other papers. It is understood that, in all probability, proposals will be made for vesting the control of the whole traffic of both lines in a joint executive committee, and for working both systems conjointly under one staff, whereby a saving in expenses of some £100,000 a-year is to be effected, to say nothing of the improvement in receipts which the avoidance of competition is sure to bring about. We make no observations about the public convenience or suchlike—from a Railway point of view—unimportant matters, but probably the House of Commons may have something to say on the subject when the time comes; meanwhile, we still think "Little Chats" should be held for higher prices.

## ELECTRIC LIGHT SHARES.

The decline in price which the shares of the various Electric Light Companies have suffered has, in our opinion, gone quite far enough. The decline in some of the principal shares has ranged from £3 10s. to £7 5s., as our readers will see from the following list—

	Highest Price.	Present Price.	Fall.
Charing Cross and Strand ...	15	11½	3½
Chelsea ...	12½	8	4½
City of London ...	30½	25½	5
County of London ...	16	12½	3½
House-to-House ...	11½	8½	3
Metropolitan ...	21½	14½	7
Notting Hill ...	20½	15½	5
St. James's and Pall Mall ...	19½	15½	4
Westminster ...	18½	14½	4

And, whether the Marylebone Vestry carries its Bill or not, we are confident the alarm which the very sound of competition appears to have caused is overdone. The business of the majority of the companies has only just become fairly remunerative, and those who know what an uphill struggle it is to build up a competitive concern will not be over-anxious to throw away their shares at the first talk of the various Vestries going into the market.

If the Electric Light Companies will but realise that a cheap supply will largely increase their business and take away any excuse for public bodies to start competing systems, we are sure that it will be next to impossible for London to be generally made subject to the enormous inconvenience of laying fresh mains and pulling up for a second time all the principal streets merely for the purpose of allowing the various Vestries to start competitive supplies of electricity. The price of most of the shares at the beginning of the year was inflated; in our opinion, it is now at a fair level.

## ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

## The Stock Exchange.

If all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, what will members of the House develop into if the prevailing condition of all play and no work should continue through the summer—when it comes? Bankers' balances will not be much increased by the amount of commission charged or "turns" made during the past week, and the only men who have really secured anything worth mentioning are those who have backed the fall in Mount Lyells. Even House-men cannot live upon each other for ever, and in the American Market some of the jobbers declare they are already tightening their belts in the desperate hope of warding off starvation until business once more comes their way. The Kaffir Circus is worse off yet, and stagnation reigns supreme, although there is nothing to "stag." New Rhodesian companies that are on the stocks and all ready to be launched when a favourable breeze of business springs up remain in their promoters' hands, for of what use would it be to essay a South African issue in these cold Dog-days? Jobbers remind one another that it was July last year which witnessed the last Kaffir boom, and they would be thankful for even such another trumpery revival; but still it cometh not.

To begin at the beginning, it is a remarkable fact that Consols should have taken up an apparently impregnable position at 111½, from which they have not deviated a quarter per cent. during the last fortnight, although the ease of the Money Market daily becomes more pronounced, and a reduction in the Bank Rate is confidently anticipated. In spite of this, however, the public seems to look askance at any kind of new issue which does not savour of the Home Industrial type. Witness the comparative failure of the last Chinese and Greek Loans, the silly fiascos of overreaching Corporation issues, and the disaster that has befallen the Great Northern and City Railway scheme. I know for a fact that the latest Tyne 3½ per cent. Improvement stock, which is almost a trust security, was left in the underwriters' hands to the tune of over 90 per cent. The Nottingham Station issue of £750,000 3 per cent. stock, jointly guaranteed in perpetuity by the Great Northern and Great Central Railways, will probably be taken, even at the price of 107, since it is suitable for trustees, whose demands of late, by the way, have considerably fallen off, as Mr. Barthropp will tell you with a sigh of resignation.

Speaking about new issues, I am perforce reminded of Jeremiah Rotherham, whom some men in the House call by his surname, and the younger members by the Dickensian epithet of "Jerry." The company's appearance produced quite a sentimental effect upon the jobbers, many of whom evidently were strongly moved by far-away memories of an innocent childhood—memories which found vent in a continual murmuring all day long in one part or another of—

"Jeremiah,  
Blow the fire,  
Puff, puff, puff."

The Ordinaries were accordingly puffed up to over a-half premium buyers, and have every appearance of going higher, for the moment. Previous issues in the Miscellaneous Market, however, have taught the "stags" some lessons in jeremiads, and I cannot see that the 4 per cent. debentures, anyway, are worth 106.

Foreign stocks do not call for much comment. The payment of the July Spanish coupons to foreign holders has given the price of the bonds a lift to 34½, speculators arguing that at the present quotation Spanish pay nearly 11 per cent. on the money, as long as the Government can keep on paying the coupon. A change of Ministry seems to have refreshed Italian Fives, although what chances of permanency a Government has whose Premier rejoices in the name of Fenali it is difficult to see.

Argentine things are slightly flatter on the week, the gold premium having apparently entered into competition with the rise in the thermometer. The Funding Loan has fallen to 87½, and Water is 71½, against 88 and 71½ respectively a week ago. Brazils, however, have romped up upon the rise in the Rio exchange, and the Eighty-Nines left off 53½ this afternoon, the new Funding stock being quoted at 78 to 79.

The Home Railway Market has fallen upon evil days, and the dreary influence of a nineteen-day Account has told upon its drooping spirits. The postponement of the pooling scheme between the Chatham and South-Eastern Companies for another week was received with a good deal of disappointment, but fresh rumours as to an amalgamation put new heart into the "bulls," and Dover "A" went to 114½. Chathams also rising to 22½. The main object of interest in the "Heavy" market has been young Crosthwaite's new green coat, which evoked a stirring rendering of a well-known Irish ballad.

After speculating as to a probable traffic decrease of anything between two and ten thousand pounds for the week, the Trunk Market professed to be more sorrowful than angry with the actual £7821, and marked down prices accordingly, buyers coming along freely at the lower levels. Trunk traffics from now will compare with exceptionally favourable takes of 1897. For instance, next Friday's figures will go against £122,394 of a year ago. Canadian Pacifics were put up on the old rate-war story, but Montreal wants the shares and means to have them. The new Preference issue will probably be made privately. Mexican Rails are perking up again, silver having risen, and Firsts are 74½, while the Seonds have struggled up to 33, both showing a rise on the week.

The Miscellaneous Market has been very idle. It attached a roll of bread to the back-button of a jobber's coat, and then stood round the victim in a ring with persistent inquiries as to the price of Aerated and Lyons. The Salmon and Gluckstein dividend has been forecast as 10 per cent., and a 7 per cent. distribution on the Ordinary shares of the competing firm of A. Baker and Co. is also rumoured. Electric Light shares have suffered owing to the question now on hand as to whether Parliament will permit their monopolies to be infringed by the Vestries, and Gas stocks have flickered unsteadily, especially Gas Light and Coke "A," which is now only 292.

Kaffirs began to carry themselves over on Friday, merely in order to pass away the time. The defeat of the Cape Ministry, a reported rising in Swaziland, and a whole batch of dividends have all failed to produce any effect upon a comatose market, although any single one of these items would have had startling effects in bygone years. For the present the glory has departed from Kaffirs, and the gilt is off Westralians. Globes alone have sustained a kind of interest in the latter market, and, considering that every single jobber in Kangaroos thinks that he, and he alone, knows the cause of the fall to 1½, it can be pretty well imagined that rumours are as plentiful as they are absolutely unreliable. Mount Lyells a week ago were 9½, and have since changed hands at 8. The price has recovered to 8½, but the reason for the Adelaide selling is a perfect mystery not only to the dealers themselves, but even to

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.



## GREAT NORTHERN AND CITY RAILWAY.

It did not cause us the slightest surprise to find it announced that once again the Great Northern and City Railway had failed in securing the capital required for the successful inauguration of the undertaking. If the Great Northern Railway Company would take the matter up seriously and in a business-like way, there would be no difficulty. An enormous amount of good would accrue in the development of North London, and, unless our judgment is very much at fault, a very substantial benefit would result to the Great Northern Railway Company. But they have muddled it right from the beginning. They haggled over the preliminaries, and the outcome was, some years ago, a prospectus which was regarded by some as a laughing-stock, and by others as a chess problem. There was no making out without expert advice what was the extent of the guarantee. This time a badly advertised attempt has been made on different lines, and again with disastrous results, for reasons which are obvious enough on the surface, and some of which are very pithily put by a writer to the *Times*, who says—

It is time the making small subsidiary lines unaided was given up, as they never pay the original shareholders, although the great lines are ready enough to undertake the working of the smaller ones and to find the rolling-stock. After struggling for a few years, such undertakings are bought up at knock-out prices by their doubtful friend. The public are getting tired of this sort of thing.

## HARDEBECK AND BORNHARDT, LIMITED.

Last week we drew attention to the fact that a high-class wholesale jewellery business was about to be formed into a company, but we were not allowed to give the name. As, however, our contemporary the *Daily Mail* has made public mention of this, there is no need for further reticence. The business is that of Messrs. Hardebeck and Bornhardt, which has been carried on for thirty years at Myddelton Place, Clerkenwell, and whose reputation for high-class work is practically European.

According to the advance prospectus which has been shown to us, the profits for ten years have averaged £7000 a-year, while for the last three years the average has been over £12,000 a-year, and for the last eight months a net £16,000 has been made. The issue will provide, with the stock of jewels taken over, a working capital of £43,500, and, as we are told that the management is to remain in the same hands as heretofore, it appears to us that both the Preference and Ordinary shares are a good industrial investment. The promoters are the same people as were so successful with the Chadburn's Ship Telegraph Company, but, as several correspondents to whom we sent advance prospectuses have complained of the small allotments they received, we have determined not to send to our correspondents on this occasion unless the promoters give us a direct assurance that, should the issue be over-subscribed, applicants using the forms we send shall receive a fair proportion of shares applied for, and we hope next week to be able to say that this assurance has been given. At present we are not in a position to make such a statement, and we therefore cannot say that we shall forward advance copies of the prospectus. Should the required assurance be given, we trust our correspondents will read and judge of the prospectus entirely on its merits, remembering that we vouch only for the fact that evidence has been produced to us of the truth of the various statements put forward.

## STILL HOOLEY.

The remarks of various papers on the subject of the Hooley estate, and the way in which a fall in price of any industrial security is put down to the fact that Mr. Hooley's misfortunes have brought a block of this or that stock on the market, have vastly amused us. Except for a few cycle shares, the Hooley estate will not contain any quantity of a single security quoted or dealt in on the Stock Exchange, and we can honestly assure both brokers and jobbers that they need be under no apprehension as to large blocks of any sort of securities coming on the market from this source.

Our contemporary, the *Daily Mail*, plaintively suggests that Mr. Hooley's money "must have been invested somewhere," and that industrial concerns are the most likely class of thing to have been selected. The speculation is quite out of place, for the very good reason that the money for investment never existed, and that, as we happen to know, when Mr. Hooley was providing pensions for the aged poor of Derbyshire, he was borrowing paltry sums like four or five thousand pounds from Tom, Dick, and Harry at 60 or 70 per cent. When the Bovril deal was going on, a gentleman of our acquaintance lent the millionaire £9000 upon terms that he got £10,000 within sixty days, and the money was duly paid; but it is absurd to say that the "millionaire" who borrowed it on such terms had money to invest. This was by no means a solitary instance. Mr. Hooley's unsecured creditors must make up their minds that there will be next to nothing for them, and the Stock Exchange need not concern itself about large blocks of stock coming on the market from this source. The real-estate market is far more likely to feel the effect of the smash.

## THE BRITISH HYDRAULIC JOINTING COMPANY.

In answer to a correspondent last week, we were able to say that all subscriptions would be returned in full, and the following notice, dated Friday last, has been sent out. We understand from it that the company will be liquidated without expense to the applicants for shares, and "all's well that ends well."

DEAR SIR OR MADAM,

## THE BRITISH HYDRAULIC JOINTING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Mr. Hooley not being in a position to complete his contracts, the Directors of the British Hydraulic Jointing Company have resolved not to adopt the contracts for the flotation of the Company, and to return in full the subscriptions of the shareholders. Formal notice convening a meeting of the shareholders of the British Hydraulic Jointing Company, Limited, for the purpose of winding-up the Company, is sent herewith.

Our information last week appears to have been both early and accurate.

## ISSUES.

King and Mortimer, Limited.—This company is formed to acquire the business of Robert King, carried on at Sussex Place, South Kensington, and four other places, and of George Mortimer, whose head office is at Parson's Green Lane, Fulham. Only £40,000 4s Debenture stock and 14,000 5s Preference shares are offered for public subscription. The profits are certified as averaging £9677 a-year, and to cover the interest and dividend on the shares and Debentures offered only £5650 is required.

Weldon's, Limited, is the title of a company formed under the auspices of Sir George Newnes, who will become Chairman of the Board of Directors. The capital is to be £380,000, divided into 40,000 5 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares of £5 each, and 180,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each, and its object is to acquire the old-established business of the various publications associated with the name of Weldon, of which perhaps *Weldon's Ladies' Journal* is the best known. The profits are certified to average something like £30,000 a-year, and the prospectus will be out on Monday next.

Jeremiah Rotherham and Co., Limited.—This concern, which represents the well-known East-End drapery concern of the same name, is offering to the public £100,000 4 per cent. Debentures, 133,334 5 per cent. Preference shares of £1 each, and the same number of Ordinary shares. We confess we like the prospectus, and we think that those who obtain allotments will do well out of them, whether for investment or speculation.

The Wolverhampton and Dudley Breweries, Limited, offers for subscription £100,000 irredeemable "A" Debenture stock carrying 4 per cent. interest. The security is not of a kind we feel inclined to recommend to our readers, consisting of a first charge on certain public-houses, and a second charge on all the other assets of the concern. The property over which the first charge is given has all been bought in the worst days of the public-house boom, and some day there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth over the absurd prices given for licensed houses of late years. The average value of the ninety-six "pubs" which are to be the principal security for this issue works out at about £1430 each, and the nature of them may be judged by the figures thus arrived at. We would not touch the thing with the longest barge-pole.

The Associated Gold Mines of British Columbia, Limited, with an audacity truly magnificent, is asking the public to subscribe 205,000 shares of £1 each. We need hardly say that in these times it is very unlikely that the response will be more than one-tenth of the offer. We heard of a mining company this month which spent £1500 on advertisements and got a subscription of £47, and this is merely an example of the public taste for the moment. The prospectus reads very well, and in boom times the shares might even have seen a premium; but, as things stand, our readers will most likely be able to buy them below par before they are above it, and had far better await developments.

Saturday, June 25, 1898.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

J. L.—See this week's Notes as to the advance prospectus. The *Mail* and other papers are wrong in calling the shares 5 per cent. Preference; they are 5½ per cent. Preference, as you will see if you ask your stockbroker to get you an official list of securities quoted.

R. M.—We never answer anonymous correspondents. Send your name and address, not for publication, and we will advise you to the best of our ability.

B. A. S.—The prospectus reads very well, but patented processes are always speculative, and we strongly advise you not to underwrite more shares than you are prepared to take up and pay for, as we do not think the public likely to come in for much.

APEX.—If you will buy (1) fifty *Lady's Pictorial* 5 per cent. Preference shares of £5 each, (2) two hundred and fifty Mellin's Food Company for Australia 6 per cent. Preference shares of £1 each, (3) four hundred pounds' worth of United States Brewing Company's 6 per cent. Debentures, at, say, 112, you will have investments to cover the £1000 producing £51 10s. per annum, and, as we think, quite safe to continue giving you that income.

F. G.—All three of the mines you mention are high-class concerns which have very much passed out of the region of speculation into that of investment. We do not see any room for a large rise in them, but the African concern depends on Transvaal politics more than anything else for its future share price. The Indians strike us as very fair to hold.

LINCOLN.—(1) Victory (Charters' Towers) should suit you. We hear that an important reef has been struck and that the prospects are greatly improved. (2) We do not advise Hannan's Proprietary.

E. D.—We have a poor opinion of the mines you refer to, and do not believe that you will ever get any good out of reconstructions. Sell for what you can get, and write the money off as a bad debt. If you want the papers back, send us a stamped directed envelope, and they shall be returned.

J. J.—We have not the least idea of what "Provincial shares" mean. If you give us the whole name of the company we will consider the matter. You might invest the £350 in either Northern Pacific Prior Lien bonds or *Lady's Pictorial* Preference shares; the first will pay about 4½ per cent., and the latter 5½ per cent.

C. L. S. E.—Your letter is to hand as we go to press. We will answer it next week; meanwhile, New Primrose consists of 102 actual mining claims, and Glencairn of 50. Each claim may be taken to contain 35,000 tons of ore.

NOTE.—Will the numerous correspondents who have written for advance prospectuses of the jewellery business we referred to last week kindly read our note on Hardebeck and Bornhardt, Limited, and accept the same as an answer to their applications.

Visitors to Henley will find excellent facilities afforded them by the Great Western Railway, which will run special trains: first class return, 10s. 6d.; second class, 6s. 6d.; third class, 3s. 6d.